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# JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 238 | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1910. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page III. of cover.

*The world is a bundle of hay;*
*Mankind are the asses who pull;*
*Each tugs it a different way,*
*And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

**Edited by**
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.**

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# JOHN BULL.

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Vol. IX. No. 238. Saturday, December 24th, 1910. One Penny.


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## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Merry Christmas to all our readers, and to everyone else.

The elections are now practically over, and on another page we give our views upon the situation brought about by their result.

The resignation of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, the Chief Unionist Whip, though denied, is imminent, and may be followed by that of Mr. Balfour—only in that case, "resignation" would be a term of courtesy.

Mr. Asquith has three minor Ministerial posts to allot, due to the defeats of Messrs. Mallet, Howard, and Partington. It will be interesting to see who gets them. Three bye-elections early in the New Year might mean trouble.

Mr. Lloyd George anticipates no practical difficulty in the creation of 500 new Liberal Peers. What rate could he get at Lloyd's to insure their Party faithfulness, once in the Upper House?

In the course of the recent election, the secretaries of local branches of the John Bull League addressed various questions to Parliamentary candidates, and this is how Mr. Ramsay Macdonald commences his reply:—

> I must confess to a feeling of utter detestation to JOHN BULL and everything connected with it, and any suggestion coming from it will certainly be received by me with initial prejudice. The savour of the whole thing is most prejudicial to every sentiment that I desire to associate with public and private life.

Mr. Macdonald does not take us into his confidence as to what those sentiments are, but judging from the character of his detailed answers to the League's questions, we should think they probably had, as their objective, a seat on the Treasury Bench—where he would be much more at home than amongst the Labour group.

Here is a gem from the *St. Paul's (Stratford) Parish Magazine*:—"The collection on Christmas Day is usually given to the poor, *but as it falls this year on a Sunday*, THIS WILL NOT BE POSSIBLE." Any sort of comment would spoil the Christian beauty of that notice.

Sir Edward Carson's suggestion that the Prime Minister should meet him in public debate upon the subject of Home Rule opens up a new method of political controversy. We shall be happy to meet Messrs. Asquith, Balfour, Redmond and Keir Hardie, at the Albert Hall, to discuss Business *versus* Party Government—all four of them together, one up—one down. Proceeds to go towards pensioning off broken down Party hacks.

We are not enamoured of Scriptural quotations in political controversy. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting the following verses from St. Matthew xvii., to which our attention has been called by an ardent Tariff Reformer:—

> And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received tribute money came to Peter, and said, Doth not your Master pay tribute?
>
> He saith, Yes. And when he was come into the House, Jesus prevented him, saying, What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the Kings of the Earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers?
>
> Peter saith unto Him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free.

No doubt some of our Free Trade readers can look us up something on the other side.

Next week we commence the publication of Dr. Cook's own story of his North Pole expedition—in which he tells the truth at last.

*John and Mary*—the combined Christmas Number of this Journal and *Mrs. Bull*—is out of print.

The Business Government movement is growing apace. It crops up everywhere. Here is an extract from the *Magazine of Commerce*:—

> . . . It would have been far more satisfactory had the Conference proved a success, and established a precedent of compromise between the leaders of the two great parties of the State on questions where the electorate were liable to give an uncertain mandate. It would have been a big step forward towards that Business Government which so many sensible people are looking for, and which, it is confidently hoped, will eliminate so much waste of Parliamentary time and labour.

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We hear strange accounts of the condition of the machinery of H.M.S. *Pandora*, and of the experiences of her crew on the way out to Simon's Town. Perhaps somebody at the Admiralty would like to enquire into the matter? Our information is that the vessel is fit only for the scrap heap.

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This from Mr. Tudor Walters, the Liberal member for the Brightside Division of Sheffield—"Business men could never see further than the ends of their noses." Accepting the proposition as true, we would remark that it implies abnormally long sight on the part of many business men we know. On the other hand, we would also remark that non-business men never see further—than they are allowed to.

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Here is an advertisement from the *West Sussex Gazette*:—

> FOREMAN (Working) required. . . . No Socialists or Radicals need apply.

But what about the religion of applicants?

---

Here is an instructive letter, from one of our readers:—

> I was present on Sunday afternoon, November 27th, at St. Paul's Cathedral and heard a sermon preached by the Rev. S. A. Alexander. After referring to what an eminent man had said some time ago, that the clergy of the Church of England preached to the poor and dined with the rich, he went on to say that the engine-driver in England with his long hours of work, and the women chainmakers (to whom we in England were content to pay 2½d. per hour), and the dress-makers who sweated with a needle on an average 14 hours a day, and many other workers, had no time available for the care of their souls. He then went on to say, as a candid fact, that there were thousands of homes in this Christian England of ours in which the name of Jesus was never heard. And then—well, you can guess the rest—he finished off his sermon by appealing to his congregation to give freely to the collection, which was for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, for the Celestials, and others!

Oh, for a Business Church!

---

Here is an amusing extract from the report of the meeting of Mr. W. M. R. Pringle in North-West Lanark:

> ELECTOR: "Are you in favour of a Business Government?"
>
> MR. PRINGLE: "Certainly. We have got one."
>
> ELECTOR: "Are you in favour of having business men as members of the Board of Trade?"
>
> MR. PRINGLE: "I certainly agree with that. I regard the composition of these bodies as bad."

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The *Isle of Wight Herald* is sure its readers will join in "congratulating the Rev. A. G. Ruddle, Curate of Holy Trinity Church, on his appointment as Rector of Durrington." Our discerning contemporary explains that the population of the parish is between 800 and 900 "on normal occasions," but "in the camping season the population is largely increased by soldiers in camp." If we had said a thing like that, Mr. Haldane or somebody would have charged us with traducing the British Army.

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A London reader, who calls himself "A White Slave," is after our money. According to him, we have "as good as said" that Mr. Lloyd George is miserable on Sundays, wherefore out of the £1 a week he earns for the support of his wife and family, he offers to bet us 1s. that such is not the case, and this despite the fact that "he has never made a bet in his life." Alas! that we must conserve our finances. We have just been through a contested election.

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Alderman Rogers, secretary of the Imperial Sunday Alliance, replies to our paragraph on the attitude of "fanatical Sabbatarians" of the Mount's Bay branch of the Alliance concerning Sunday fishing. "Do you realise," he says, "that the sending out of fishing boats from the ports of the Cornish coasts on Sunday means seven days' labour for Cornish fishermen, and that seven days' work without any break means physical decadence, and that you cannot be even a healthy animal under such conditions?" We don't believe in seven days' labour a week for anybody, as a matter of either health or ethics. On the other hand, we don't believe in Imperial Sunday Alliances or Lord's Day Observance Societies constituting themselves the divinely appointed directors of people's consciences on Sundays. We do not understand that the Cornish fishermen, who are the only parties rightly concerned, have authorised the Mount's Bay branch of the Alliance to arrange and regulate the days on which they shall earn their bread-and-butter, what there is of it. Provided that Alderman Rogers can supply us with convincing evidence in his favour on this point, he may count upon our support in the efforts of the Alliance on their behalf. But not till then.

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The Animals' Friend Society, York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C., publish a slip which we should like to see posted up in every stable, and given to every man who has horses under his control. It is entitled "The Horse's Prayer," and in the simplicity and truth of its appeal must go straight to every human heart. Here is a portion of it: "Feed me, water and care for me, and when the day is done, provide me with a shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort. Be always gentle with me and talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up-hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you mean, but give me a chance to understand you." And so on through all its requirements. There is such a vast deal of conscious and unconscious cruelty to animals about us all, that one is sickened to see it and read of it. The "touch of kindness" makes men and other animals kin in their mutual sense of love. Besides, owners and drivers of horses should know that "it pays."

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Great ructions are going on among the French royalists. No doubt many of our readers will be surprised to hear that such persons as royalists still survive in France. Of course they are not real royalists, but supporters of the Orleanist faction, which might surely be abandoned by now as a foolish and hopeless organisation.

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Here is an advertisement from the *Cork Evening Echo*, which would be almost suspicious if it were not so silly:—"Wanted at once a respectable little girl, aged 14 to 15 years, to care tobacco shop daily. 1s. per week and tea. An orphan preferred." We do not suppose many little orphans of fourteen or fifteen will be attracted by this munificent wage, but we can imagine that the possession of parents might have been a protection against such gilded temptations.

What looks like an infringement of the Lottery Act is a circular issued by a Wood Green gentleman for the purpose of raising £50 in aid of St. Paul's Catholic Church, Wood Green. "£50 Wanted. Please help," says the appeal. "Dear Sir or Madam,—Have you ever sent 2s. 6d. to a church fund, and had your donation returned to you, with 5s. added to your contribution?" It then sets out that the scheme is to return the 2s. 6d., plus 5s., to every tenth contributor, until £50 is collected. An ingenious but somewhat curious method of raising money for a church, surely. What do the rev. fathers of St. Paul's think of it?

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It is hoped the Divorce Commissioners will decline to act on the proposal of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*—certainly no authority on the news side of journalism—that "the judge should indicate to the reporters in court the portions of the evidence which he considers unsuitable for publication, and that the powers of the judges in regard to Contempt of Court be increased." The judges exercise a sufficiently exclusive arbitrary power over newspapers already, and if they are to have a moral censorship in addition, there seems no reason why they should not have a political censorship as well, and stifle the publication of anything whatever which does not accord with their own personal views. The proper way of dealing with what may be called the indecencies of Divorce Court reporting, is to put upon the proprietors and editors the obligation of keeping their columns clean by imposing penalties on them if they do not. Having regard to the abyssmal ignorance of most judges about the internal working of newspapers, they would be amazing productions indeed if their lordships started the job of editing them with a censor's blacking pad. You would wake up in the morning to find you could not have your daily newspaper until the middle of the week.

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Bailie Hogg, of Musselburgh, seems to take a commonsense view of street betting. In convicting a bookmaker, named Nangle, who admitted he had "been fairly caught this time," the Bailie pointed out the inconsistency imposed on him by his duty as a magistrate, for whereas the magistrates themselves had no scruple about making money on the links during the three days of Musselburgh races, here he had to punish a man for bookmaking on one of the other 362 days. "A magistrate must have some conscience," said he, "and as representing the Town Council he would only impose a modified penalty." In the result, Nangle was allowed the privilege of paying £2 or going to gaol for twenty days. Our information is that he paid up like a man.

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Quite an amusing little demonstration has been organised by three hundred Hungarian workmen. As they were without food or shelter, it occurred to them to apply to Mr. Asquith to send a warship to Fiume to bring them over to England and provide them with all their needs. This sounds ridiculous, of course, at the first blush, but when we remember that Mr. Asquith is the leader of the Radical Party in a country which sent a ship for Dom Manoel, there is something to be said for the proposal. And the dilemma is accentuated by Mr. Lloyd George's recent rejoicings over the Portuguese revolution. If we provide for destitute monarchs, why not for destitute workmen?

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The Ontario Government have passed a law forbidding the use of alcoholic drinks at masonic lodge meetings and other festive gatherings of all such societies. It is evident that we soon shall have to hunt for the boasted freedom of Colonial life with a pair of double million magnifying glasses.

"City of Worcester:" runs an advertisement in a local paper. "Wanted, in the Health Department of the Corporation, a Clerk who has a good knowledge of shorthand. Commencing salary, 5s. a week. Applications, with two testimonials," etc. Why in such sweating conditions it should be called a Health Department, goodness only knows, for on the facts it certainly looks as if it were intended to be an annex to the workhouse infirmary. What does it pay its charwoman?

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An alarming array of Birmingham vicars are raising their pious hair at the contemplation of certain theatrical posters on the local hoardings. Their allegation is that "some of the posters have been of such a character as to haunt the imagination of women and children for days after seeing them, while others have approached very near the borderland of indecency." They also call attention to the suggestive titles of the plays, instancing "The Girl Who Lost Her Character," "The Shop-soiled Girl," "Her Nameless Child," and others of the kind. But where are the police? If these posters are so indecent, if these titles are so shocking, why do they not take proceedings against the billposters and save the high moral sense of these clerical Grundys from outrage and shock? Assuming that the police see no reason to interfere, Birmingham's Society for the Protection of Public Morals had better be re-baptised as the Society for the Promulgation of Hysterical Prudery. As we have previously said, the worst of these very good people is that they see evil where very bad people never discover it. They are continually manufacturing indecencies where none previously existed, or suggesting them to people whose minds have never been even tainted by so much as a suspicion. That is our quarrel with them, and it will continue to be our quarrel with them until they are purified by sobriety and commonsense.

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A couple of hundred French deputies have decided to address each other as "thou" instead of "you." This does not sound very important at first sight, but when we remember the intimacy implied by the French "thou," we see how very far removed the French are from ourselves in their notions of Parliamentary dignity. The proposal is almost like substituting "old chap" or "old cock" for "the honourable member" or "the right honourable gentleman." At the same time, it is well to remember that the last time French deputies addressed each other as *tu* (thou), divergences of opinion were rapidly discouraged by Robespierre's conjugation of the verb *tuer* (to kill). What price French puns?

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Paris is in a great state of excitement over its latest strike. There have been Post Office strikes which disorganised the whole commerce of the country for weeks and left unfortunate travellers, like Jim Crow, stranded at Monte Carlo without coins of the realm. There have been railway strikes which very nearly caused famine and compelled at least one great British statesman to rumble across France in a taxi. But these are as nothing in the mind of the Parisian compared with the present strike of the humorists. Like everybody else, these gentry (who include the notorious Wilette, who was praised by the Duke of Orleans for insulting Queen Victoria) have come to the conclusion that they are insufficiently paid. So now they have had a solemnly humorous, or humorously solemn, conclave and decided to go out on strike. Whether anyone will be sufficiently inconvenienced to give in to them and beg them to return to their duties, is quite another pair of shoes. Anyhow, it is not the first time that humorists have afforded the world an exhibition of bad humour.

The saddest fate imaginable is that of the ambitious young politician who came into Parliament with a great flourish of trumpets last January and expected to carve out a great career; was practically muzzled all through the session owing to the truce; and has now been relegated once more to obscurity. We have no such person specially in our mind, but that is the kind of expensive and disappointing career which might appropriately be accorded to the villain in a political novel. At a pinch, he might even be allowed to get in this time, for the signs of permanency are not particularly propitious, and two strenuous elections in the course of one year would make a considerable hole in the reserves of the ordinary young man in a hurry.

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Mr. Winston Churchill has had many testimonials—good, bad, and indifferent—but probably he has seldom received one in all his spheres of pure delight which gave him greater pleasure than that forwarded to him by the Union of City Hawkers in recognition of his efforts on their behalf when the City police sought to exclude them from those public thoroughfares where for many years they have peaceably pursued their calling. They tell him that "by his intervention he saved from starvation or the workhouse some six hundred hard-working men and women, the great majority of whom have little ones to support." That being so, they don't mind what he says about the House of Lords.

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Apropos of testimonials, we are reminded that an Abbey Wood man who pleaded guilty a few days ago to being a chronic bicycle thief, had also some beauties given to him at the London Sessions. His father said he was "a staunch teetotaler, a non-smoker, and spent as much time as he could happily at home," while a rev. gentleman testified that for seven years he had been a "Church worker and an ardent member of the Band of Hope." In other words, he was a hypocrite as well as a thief. Wherefore Mr. Wallace "bound him over." Oh, these "earnest Church workers"!

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Surely the owners of the dogs entered for the Heightley Puppy Stakes at the Chirbury coursing meeting might have shown better taste in selecting the names of their animals. For instance, we read in the local paper that Mr. W. H. Jones' "Miss Le Neve" beat "Flirting Dick," while Messrs. Davies' and Bluck's "Dr. Crippen" beat Mr. Gornall's "Inspector Dew." A case of history repeating itself, no doubt; but it doesn't sound very pretty.

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A correspondent is much perturbed at the words of "a school song now being taught the scholars of Standard iv, South Weald Council School, Warley"—the Essex Warley. "Without wishing to doubt the veracity of the statements contained therein," he proceeds, "I think you will agree that it is a totally unfit song to teach such children, and not likely to be of any intellectual advantage." The first few lines of the offending verse are:—

> Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more;
> Men were deceivers ever;
> One foot in sea, and one on shore,
> To one thing constant never.

It seems to us "Much Ado About Nothing"—but we have always thought that "thing" in the last line should be altered to "girl." In any case, it is good that the song should be taught in girls' schools. It may save them much pain when they grow up.

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It is amusing to notice that, while the Conservatives have been denouncing the Liberals as the humble servants of Mr. Redmond, the O'Brienites have been attacking Mr. Redmond as the slave of the Radicals. However, almost any weapon is good enough for party politicians.

"A Season Ticket Holder," writing on behalf of himself and others, apropos of the recent Willesden Junction accident, is anxious for our assurance that the London and North Western Railway "take every precaution to safeguard the passengers travelling by their trains." We are not railway experts, but we are told that had the signalman had in his box the safety locking bar system in use before the London and North Western took over the North London line, the disaster would not have occurred. Perhaps the directors will enlighten us.

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According to the papers, there is a special idiot as school attendance officer at Highgate, for he informed the magistrates a few days since that when a child was supposed to be ill it should be sent to school, and if the schoolmaster agreed, it could be sent back home again. How this would work out in mumps, ringworm, fever, toothache, or tummyache the amazing theorist did not explain. We shall have to keep an eye on him while he is working it out for himself.

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Some people won't keep their hair on, however much they are recommended to do so. When the poll was declared at Cheltenham, it seems that Mr. H. O. Lord, a local master of foxhounds, went on to the balcony and accosted Alderman Skillicorne, the Liberal leader. "It is you who have done this," was his angry exclamation. "All the land will go to the Germans. You go hunting with my hounds——" Here intervened the peacemaker, but the allegation of the reporter is that as Mr. Lord departed he declared he "had hated the Alderman for a long time, and would now do all he could to ruin him." Will Mr. Lord please understand that we cannot heartily approve of any master of foxhounds who lets the sun go down upon his wrath? As to the Germans coming and stealing all the land because a Liberal has got in for Cheltenham, he is hereby earnestly entreated not to believe it. In any conceivable circumstances, he may confidently rely on Mr. Lloyd George being there first.

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A rather curious incident occurred at Divine Service on H.M.S. *Dreadnought* a Sunday or two ago. During hymns, the Commander noticed an able seaman who did not join in the singing. Asked after service for an explanation, his answer was that he could not sing. He was promptly told that if he did not sing the following Sunday his leave would be stopped, and at the end of the year he would find his abilities recorded "good" instead of "very good.". We may hear in a week or two how he is getting on; but there is more than a suspicion in our minds that he is now doing seven days' in the lock-up for disturbing the congregation.

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With reference to our recent paragraph in regard to the apparently cruel treatment of live turtles at Waterloo station, the T. K. Bellis Turtle Company tell us that the turtles supplied to the Guildhall banquets have for many years past been consigned to them from Jamaica, and that they do not come to Waterloo, but are landed from the Avonmouth steamers and delivered at Paddington. They add that, as a live turtle is worth about £10, every possible precaution is taken against injury. We gladly give publicity to this statement, which affords us as much pleasure as we are sure it does to the Lord Mayor and his colleagues.

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From the Return just issued, we gather that the British nation pays £15,500 a year for the maintenance of official chaplains in our Crown Colonies, and that during the past ten years we have expended upwards of £320,000 in the maintenance, repair, etc., of places of worship in those dependencies. So let no man say that we neglect the souls of our subjects—whatever may be their physical sufferings.

An illuminating example of the hollowness of the Party game is afforded by the Referendum kite which Mr. Balfour sent up at his Albert Hall meeting. No sooner had some of his colleagues evinced their disapproval of the proposal than it became necessary to explain it away; and now we are solemnly told that it was meant for this election only—notwithstanding that the election was actually in progress before it was mooted, and that in no circumstances could it have been put into operation. And so the game goes on.

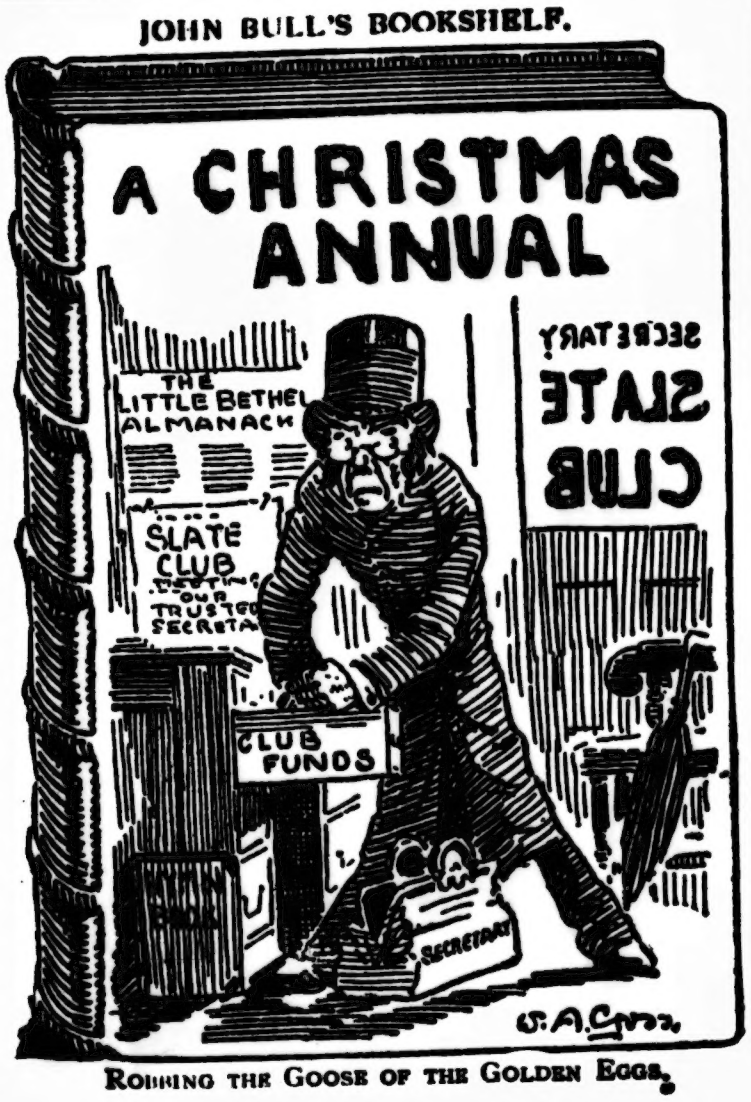
Here is an interesting commentary on our present electoral system: At the recent elections, 29,000 people voted Conservative and 25,000 Liberal in the divisions of Wandsworth, Lambeth, Southwark, Stepney, Whitehaven, Radnor and Bedford—in other words, the Conservative voters exceeded the Liberal by 4,000. But what is the result? The Conservatives secured one seat in the seven divisions and the Liberals six! And here is a different picture: In the divisions of Dundee, Tower Hamlets, Chippenham, Glasgow, North Dorset, Kidderminster and Hull, the Liberal voters numbered 28,000 and the Conservative 25,000—a majority of 3,000 for the Liberals. The Conservatives, however, secured six seats and the Liberals one! Oh, for a Business Electoral System!

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

Irish medical student, explaining to a colleague how he was unfairly "ploughed" at a *viva-voce* examination on osteology:

"'What's this, sorr?' says he.
'A bone, sorr,' says I.
'What bone?' says he.
'The "faymur,"' says I.
'The roight or left "faymur?"' says he.
'Roight,' says I.
'Wrong,' says he.
'Left,' says I.
'Roight!' says he."

## JOHN BULL'S BOOKSHELF.




ROBBING THE GOOSE OF THE GOLDEN EGGS.

# "John Bull's" Biscuits.

## NOTICES.

*AGE.*—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22½," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

*PATENT MEDICINES.*—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

*BRIDEGROOMS.*—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

*MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.*—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

*LODGERS.*—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do

*For stating that "the* WINNERS *of the Boxes of Harrogate Toffee, etc.,* WILL BE PLACED IN THE SHOP WINDOWS *in various parts of the city after Saturday next,"*

*THE HULL DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "close by were two rather* DEPRESSED *Radicals,* WHO WERE AS GOOD-HUMOURED AS ANYBODY,"

*THE WEEKLY DISPATCH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating in an election par that "colours were worn very freely, mostly by* DOGS, BICYCLES *and other people who have no votes,"*

*THE BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES & INDEPENDENT*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "One's blood seems to turn to water at the appalling horrors of life in this prison, as told by those who have suffered and* OFTEN DIED *there,"*

*LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising "The complete set of 36 coloured cartoon cigarette pictures of the Tariff Reform* CIGARETTES (WHICH HAVE SO UPSET THE RADICALS),"

"T.R.C.A. (32, Great Chapel St., Westminster)"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For saying that: "Monsieur* BOTTOMBY *est ré-élu à* HACKEREN *Sud" (Mr.* BOTTOMBY *is re-elected for Hackeren South).*

*THE JOURNAL DES DÉBATS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating: "They did not want long speeches that day, and his throat was getting rather tired; but* IF HE HAD NO VOICE AT ALL *he would say how grateful he was to them all for their support,"*

*MR. RUPERT GWYNNE, M.P.;*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating in an article on the Rat Plague that a medical officer reported that: "There was greater danger in leaving* DEAD *rats about than allowing them to run,"*

*THE DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating, under the heading, "A Simple Wedding Breakfast": "The most important item is, of course, the wedding-cake. If you do not wish to spend too much on it, a* CHRISTENING CAKE, *iced all over, answers the purpose quite as well,"*

A WRITER IN *THE HOME CIRCLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that, during a gale which prevailed, "the ketch 'Burmah,' of Poole, was observed flying distress signals off Grainy, but* UNFORTUNATELY *she was able to reach shallow water,"*

*THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating at Bloomsbury, "My experience teaches me that what is thoroughly understood is never comprehended,"*

JUDGE BACON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

## WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Speaking in the House of Commons on November 10th, I said: "I am going to be rash enough to make this prediction—that, whatever be the justification for this election, we shall find ourselves in practically the same position at the commencement of next year as that in which we stand to-day."

Writing in this journal on November 26th, I said, speaking of the then impending General Election, "And what is to be the outcome of it all? Matters will be in much the same position in January next as they are to-day."

Well, the elections, for all practical purposes, are over. And here is the result, compared with the state of things before they began:*

| State of Parties Before the Election. | | State of Parties After the Election. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Liberals .. .. | 275 | Liberals .. .. | 272 |
| Labour .. .. | 40 | Labour .. .. | 42 |
| Irish .. .. .. | 82 | Irish .. .. .. | 84 |
| Unionists .. .. | 273 | Unionists .. .. | 272 |

By the Irish party is, of course, meant the Irish Home Rulers, the rest of the Irish representatives being merged with the Unionists. The Labour party may, for all practical purposes, be counted with the Liberals. It is thus seen that, excluding the Irish party, the Government's majority over the Unionists is 42—assuming there are no defections of any kind. It equally follows that to avoid defeat, Mr. Asquith must not adopt any policy distasteful to the Irish party. Mr. Redmond, therefore, remains the centre of power—with the fate of the Government in his hands. And everything, so far as the constitution of the House is concerned, is—exactly as it was!

### Mr. Asquith's Position.

It must not, however, be imagined that this fact will necessarily embarrass the Prime Minister. He is entitled to say that he has won. I already hear him telling the House of Commons something like this: "During the late Parliament, the Government unfolded its scheme for dealing with the House of Lords. It passed certain Resolutions and it introduced a certain Bill. The policy embodied in those Resolutions and that Bill has been submitted to the electors, and upon that issue the Government has a composite majority of 126. Therefore, the Government is entitled, by express mandate, to carry that policy into effect."

### Mr. Balfour's Position.

And what is Mr. Balfour's reply? "True," he will say, "you have a composite majority of 126 in favour of your House of Lords policy; but as that policy would enable you to force Home Rule and other great constitutional changes upon the country, without the electors having any opportunity of expressing their opinion upon such changes, we, the Opposition, demand that you should exclude Constitutional Reform from the purview of your new proposals, unless and until any such reform has been specifically submitted to the people."

### Mr. Redmond's Position.

But here comes in Mr. Redmond. "A plague upon you both," he will say. "The Government cannot carry its Veto policy, or anything else, without my consent—and my price is Home Rule. You may have your Parliament Bill, but contemporaneously with it *I* will have my Home Rule Bill." Thus will Mr. Asquith have to decide between being turned out of office or making a compact with Mr. Redmond. What will happen then?

### The "Guarantees."

And then will come in the question of "guarantees." So far, the King's name has been rigorously excluded from the arena of discussion. All parties have observed the decencies. But the situation is now changed. Mr. Asquith pledged himself not to dissolve Parliament without first obtaining assurances that the will of the people as expressed at the polls should prevail. He repeated this determination just before the prorogation. We must, therefore, assume that the King has promised to create the necessary number of new Liberal peers—which is the only "guarantee" he can give. But may not he say that the will of the people, whilst emphatic upon the Veto, has not been taken on the question of Constitutional Reform? May not he say that, under the Parliament Bill, not only Home Rule, but the complete abolition of the House of Lords—and of the monarchy itself—could be effected without any previous appeal to the electors? And what then?

### A Joint Conference?

There will be a deadlock; and a final effort will have to be made to find a way out of it. Another Conference on the old lines is impossible; the public would not tolerate it. But something in the way of a Conference will doubtless be suggested—only between two committees, one from each House, instead of between the Leaders on the two front benches in the Commons. Given that the committees included men of *all* shades of political thought, and that the Speaker, on the one hand, and the Lord Chancellor, on the other, were *ex officio* members of them, it is possible that an agreement might be arrived at. I say "possible" advisedly, in preference to "probable." If the Conference succeeded, things would be patched up for a year or two. And if not?

### The Alternative.

Well, I suppose the first thing we should see would be Mr. Redmond and his party playing ducks and drakes with the House of Commons—turning each successive Ministry out of power as soon as it came in, and thus reducing Parliamentary government to a farce; so that, in sheer despair, both of the official parties would have to agree upon some measure of Home Rule as the price of peace. But would the people stand it? I think not. They would say, "The game is played out; give us a respite from your party wrangling; whilst you are quarrelling and haggling, our commercial rivals are laughing at us, and gaining upon us—to hell with the old Party system!" And then would go up a cry to the King to send for somebody aloof from Party, and command him to form an administration based upon the principles of sane democracy and sound commonsense. And everybody would turn instinctively to Lord Rosebery, an ex-Prime Minister, and the only man of Cabinet rank who has realised that the old order is changing, and has had the courage to throw over the shibboleths of last century and to plead for a new and broader spirit in public affairs—with Efficiency for his motto. Charged with the formation of a Government, he could, within a week, get together a dozen level-headed men of business to take charge of our public departments and show the country how its affairs have been muddled and mismanaged in the past—how millions of money may be saved and millions of money also raised, without involving any lack of efficiency in the one case or any hardship or injustice in the other; how the designs of our rivals may be frustrated; how, in a sentence, the nation and the Empire may be saved.

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**Next week we shall publish the first of a series of articles by Mr. Bottomley on "A Business Government and its Critics"—beginning with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.**

* *(In the case of a few results unknown at the time of going to Press, the same representation as in the late Parliament is assumed.)*

## THE AKBAR REFORMATORY ENQUIRY.

### WHY ARE THE DELINQUENTS RETAINED?

We are constantly receiving letters from readers who are anxious to know what has been done in this matter. We publish below one of these communications, written by a London clergyman. It is representative of many. We unreservedly endorse what our correspondent says about the action of the Government in leaving the two men responsible for the atrocities in charge of the school whilst the enquiry proceeds. We have placed this view of the matter before the Home Office authorities, and have pointed out that in other enquiries where officials are charged with offences they are suspended pending investigation, and we have indicated how peculiarly necessary it was to observe this procedure in the case of the Akbar School. But for one reason or another, (we do not pretend to know what) our representations have been ignored, and the unhappy boys at the School have been left in charge of the two men whose conduct we have exposed. Our correspondent writes:—

> When are we to see in your very interesting paper that the horrors of the Boys' Reformatory are things of the past; and that the matter has not only been investigated but settled once and for all in a satisfactory way? Many of your readers are seeking this information. Surely either the staff of this Institution should have been suspended during investigation, or an absolutely responsible person placed at the head of affairs during this time of investigation, to ensure that there should be no continuance of these inhuman cruelties! I am a Clergyman of the Established Church and a Conservative also, but I am thankful to say that my long study of human nature and experience of life, have rendered me sufficiently broad-minded to thoroughly appreciate your paper and your grand efforts to expose fraud and superstition, and to help those who cannot defend themselves.

Another correspondent writes:—

> When the new Parliament assembles, I hope the result of the recent enquiry concerning the above will be made public without delay, and trust the report will not be a whitewashed one, as is so often the case in Government enquiries.
>
> You deserve the heartfelt thanks of everyone with a spark of humanity in them for exposing such a place.
>
> Quite recently, the man Lovelock boasted openly that if he had his way he would knot three strands of *barbed wire* together and give the boys a flogging with that!
>
> A few weeks ago, two boys made their escape, but were promptly captured and brought before the Liverpool Stipendiary. The boys begged not to be sent back to the school, asking if they could be sent to another reformatory, or preferably to prison, for they knew they would be flogged for trying to escape. But no, the *kind-hearted* Stipendiary sent them back to the tender mercies of Beuttler and Co.
>
> When you first gave publicity to the horrors, I wrote a letter to a prominent Liverpool paper, telling the editor of some incidents I knew, which fully bore out all Mr. and Mrs. Adam's statements.
>
> One of the incidents was related to me by a friend, who said he was taking a walk past the school, one day last summer, when he was surprised to see a boy rush out of a door and disappear round a corner of the building. As the boy was only clad in a scanty pair of bathing drawers, it looked at first sight as if he were going for a bathe, but considering the school is quite half a mile from the shore, and there is a fine swimming bath in the courtyard for the use of the boys, it is probable that the poor wretch was trying to escape a flogging.
>
> For some reason best known to himself, the editor refused to publish a word of my letter, yet he boasts that his paper is fair and just to all.

It will be remembered that the boys who escaped alleged that, because of their evidence at the enquiry, they had been brutally ill-treated by the Reformatory officers.

Mr. C. Johnson, of King's Road, Brighton, writes:—

> I should be very much obliged if you would let me know whether anything has been done to make things less terrible at that Reformatory. Has the man who was the perpetrator of those cruel so-called "punishments" been removed? I was told that one good result of your article would be that there would immediately be an enquiry!

For the information of our correspondent we may say that the Home Office took prompt action and instituted an enquiry immediately upon the publication of our article. That enquiry is not yet completed. Our complaint is that the incriminated men are allowed to remain in charge at the school, and in absolute control of some of the most important witnesses against them.

## NURSING THE SICK NOT "BENEFICIAL EMPLOYMENT"!

### GROSS OPPRESSION BY THE HUNTS EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

A recent case draws attention to a gross barbarity in our education laws.

The Hunts Education Committee (in common with many other such authorities) have made a bye-law, sanctioned by the Board of Education, providing that the parents of every child of not less than 5, nor more than 14, years of age shall cause such child to attend school, unless there be a reasonable excuse for non-attendance—"reasonable excuse" being defined as being under efficient instruction elsewhere, or being prevented from attending through illness or other unavoidable cause, or not having a school within a certain distance of the child's residence. The bye-law also provides that a child between 13 and 14 years of age shown "to the satisfaction of the Local Authority" to be beneficially employed shall not be required to attend school, if such child has made a certain number of attendances since it attained the age of 5.

A Mr. Crow was recently summoned by the Committee for not sending his daughter, aged 13, to school every time the school was open.

The admitted facts were that the child's maternal grandmother had died, her paternal grandmother became seriously ill, and, as her father could not afford a trained nurse, he kept her at home to help her mother. The Education Committee—doubtless holding that charity, or "beneficial employment," does not begin at home—took proceedings, which were dismissed by the local magistrates, who expressed the commonsense opinion that the nursing of the sick could be described as "beneficial employment." The Committee—having the power of the purse and no doubt hoping that in the technicalities of the case they could hide its hair-splitting oppressiveness and inhumanity—appealed.

The Lord Chief Justice, after commenting upon the unfortunate fact that only one side of the case had been laid before the Court—doubtless owing to the father's poverty—in view of the wording of the bye-law, held that the onus of proof of beneficial employment was on the parents, and that the justices, in deciding that the nursing was employment of that nature, were usurping the functions of the Education Authority—which body was therefore both prosecutor and judge! His Lordship, however, stated that the case would not go back to the justices with directions to convict, as they might hold that on the particular day in respect of which the summons was issued there was a "reasonable excuse" for non-attendance—a hope in which all commonsensed and humane citizens will join.

The constituents of the members of the Hunts Education Committee should, next time they have the chance, take care that they relegate such men to private life.

## AT IT AGAIN!

### ANOTHER JUDICIAL REBUKE TO OFFICIALISM.

Once more we have to thank Lord Justice Farwell for upholding the rights of the citizen. In *Dyson v. The Attorney-General*, in the matter of Form IV., the plaintiff claimed that the Commissioners had exceeded their power of inquisition, and sought the protection of the Court. The Attorney-General objected to the action. A Master and Mr. Justice Lush upheld the objection; the Court of Appeal allowed it. Said Lord Justice Farwell, the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Moulton agreeing:—

> It has always been the practice of the law officers of the Crown to throw no difficulty in the way of proceedings for the purpose of bringing important matters before the Courts of Justice, and he hoped that the salutary practice would be resumed. If ministerial responsibility was more than the shadow of a name, the matter would be less important, but, as it was, the Courts of law were the only defence of the liberties of the subject against departmental aggression.

The Government seems bent upon depriving the citizen of his right of appeal for protection from the tyranny of officialdom; and we are sorry to see Sir Rufus Isaacs compelled to act as their instrument in the matter.

## BOURNVILLE BUNKUM.

### OUR EXPOSURE OF A HALF-TRUTH.

Some kind friend has favoured us with a booklet. Its title is "The Factory In a Garden," and it is all about cocoa—Cadbury's cocoa, with pictures of the Garden City of Bournville. One illustration gives us a group of charming young forewomen, another a cricket match between a rival team of girls, followed by scenes in the recreation ground, etc. The printed matter tells of the village beautiful. To quote a few passages—"The village of Bournville was founded by Mr. George Cadbury in 1895, and has been administered by a trust since 1900. The object is to provide healthy homes with adequate accommodation for workers in factories and to secure to them some of the advantages of outdoor village life."

In addition to Cadbury's booklet, we have had brought to our notice whole-page newspaper advertisements. One such is before us as we write. "This is Bournville," it states, and "everything that bears the name and mark of Cadbury is made here at the factory in a garden, under unvarying conditions of purity. The total number of employees is now over 5,000—a striking proof of the world's appreciation of all Cadbury products."

Now there can be no doubt as to the impression those advertisements are meant to convey. They clearly suggest that Bournville is Arcadia, and the Arcadians the workpeople in the factory of Cadbury Bros., Ltd.

What are the facts of the case? We give them after a personal visit to Cocoatown, and we owe an apology to Mr. Cadbury for making our tour of inspection on a Sunday.

Bearing in mind the words already quoted from the illustrated booklet that "the object is to provide healthy homes with adequate accommodation for workers in factories," we naturally expected to find comfortably housed in the village a good percentage, if not the whole, of the workers in the Cadbury factory. To our intense surprise, however, we found that out of the five thousand workpeople who are supposed to be employed in the cocoa factory, only a thousand actually were housed in the village of Bournville!

*Close upon seventy-five per cent. of the houses are occupied by retired persons, professional men, or people in a good way of business.*

What about the poor factory worker, Mr. Cadbury? You must not forget what you set forth in your advertisement. Do you remember what a judge of the High Court said the other day, when summing up in a libel action? No? Well, let us tell you. He said, "When issuing an advertisement to the public everything should be stated. Nothing should be kept back."

Just another quotation from the Cadbury advertisement. "The health of the workers should be maintained at the highest possible standard."

We put it to Mr. Cadbury that it is not candid to lead people to believe, as he in reality does in his advertisements, that the workers in his factory live in the Garden City of Bournville. As a matter of fact most of them live in the surrounding villages of Stirchley, Cotteridge, Kings Norton, and Selly Oak, and some as far away as Birmingham, and the conditions under which they live are neither better nor worse than those of workers for any other firm.

Will Mr. Cadbury deny this statement?

## What is Your Number?

*See page iii. of Cover.*

## OH, FOR A BUSINESSLIKE SOMERSET HOUSE!

### TWO CORRESPONDENTS GIVE THEIR EXPERIENCES.

A correspondent tells us his experience of this famous Department. He wrote to an official of the Probate Branch, Somerset House, asking to be provided with a copy of a short will recently proved and registered, giving at the time the full name, address and date, and asking the amount of the fee, which he would forward. Now, at any commercial house or institution this would have been met by an acknowledgment, naming the amount on payment of which the copy would be obtainable, and such copy sent direct, but this is not the way of Somerset House.

Our correspondent received a printed form, along with his letter, informing him that he must attend personally. At great inconvenience he attended, stated his business, and was sent to an office, where one official was sitting on a stool doing nothing and another was reading a book. He was requested to pay 1s. for a search, and to identify the document. He informed the official that he did not need a search, and could not identify the document, never having seen it, but was told he must do so "as a matter of form." He was then sent to Room No. 22 to repeat his request. After waiting ten minutes, the precious document was shown to him. Then he was told to go to Room No. 45 and buy a 4s. stamp and return to No. 22, where, having handed in his stamp, he was informed that he could go home, and the copy could be had in three or four days, if he chose to call for it.

It is difficult to conceive grosser waste of time. It makes a business man sick, and it is full time this playing at business was put an end to and the Department presided over by a man of business knowledge and instincts.

Another correspondent writes to say that 26 years ago—that is to say, in 1884—her husband came into possession of some small property on the death of his mother. It seems that he omitted to pay the dues, and after the lapse of all these years Somerset House has applied for them. The officials there say it is not their work to apply for this duty. It is supposed to be paid, and they might charge interest for the years that have passed. Our correspondent wants to know why Somerset House can claim a debt after six years any more than any other creditor. The answer to that, we suppose, is that the Statute of Limitations does not run against the Crown. But when she proceeds to ask us why Somerset House officials have allowed 26 years to elapse before applying for the duty, she corners us.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

### THE SACRED GAME.

(*Two Nottinghamshire villagers were fined ten shillings and five shillings, respectively, for taking hares from the floods. Defendants said the hares were dead when taken from the water.*)

"First catch your hare," said Mrs. Glasse;
Whose cookery tips were so extensive;
But, if you do, you'll find, alas!
The game is apt to prove expensive.

### THE CHRISTMAS CORONER.

(*Dr. Wynn Westcott held an inquest on a baby, one of twins. There were three other children, no food or fire, and a father out of work. The coroner gave the man ten shillings, and said he would get the mother have ten shillings a week for four more weeks.*)

A gleam of light on a pitiful scene;
A tale of tears from the London streets!
Mr. Coroner, sir! go on and Wynn—
Beneath your Westcott a kind heart beats!

RICARDO.

## *Seats to View the Coronation Procession.*

### FREE DISTRIBUTION AMONGST OUR READERS.

**In conjunction with "MRS. BULL," we are arranging to secure ONE THOUSAND SEATS, on the direct line of route of the Coronation Procession, for distribution amongst our respective readers. Full particulars will shortly be announced.**

## THE LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

### A WELCOME TRIBUTE.

In our issue of November 26th we asked if anyone knew anything about the London Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road. We were induced to ask this question by the complaint that, when a lady, who had met with an accident with a needle, went to the Hospital for relief, she was told by the doctor that he could not be bothered to "look for a needle in a haystack." We have now received a letter from another lady, the substance of which we give below:—

You ask in your columns if anyone knows the Temperance Hospital, and I write to say I do, and have done so for several years.

I have been a social worker in this district and other parts of Camden Town and Somers Town since 1900, during which time I have sent dozens of cases to the hospital, and have *always* been struck with the skill and patient attention that has been given. I have more than once visited the out-patients' department, and have again seen that, compared with the other hospitals so near at hand, the courtesy and attention given compare most favourably.

Only last Friday week I had a child brought to my notice who had fainted, and injured herself in falling. I took her to the casualty department of the L.T. Hospital, and was there some time. I watched critically, and was amazed at the patience, forbearance and gentleness of the treatment meted out. There were several people to my lay mind who ought to have been put outside until they could at least be civil and appreciative; but there was *no* rudeness or inattention, though some of the people no doubt were hysterical and neurotic, and therefore very trying.

I also know how the sisters, nurses, and matron follow up cases, even after they have left the hospital.

Our correspondent's letter does not meet the complaint to which we referred, but we are glad to have her testimony to the general good management of the hospital in question.

## "A CHRISTMAS CARD FRAUD."

With reference to the paragraph in our last issue, in which we commented upon the dispute between Messrs. Gordon and Co., of 27, Worship Street, E.C., and one of their agents for the sale of Christmas cards, we think it but right to say that the printing on the cards of the mis-spelt name was probably the result of a mistake on the part of one of Messrs. Gordon's employees, who inaccurately copied the particulars off another piece of paper, and that they subsequently returned the order form to the agent without being aware of the action of their servant. However that may be, Messrs. Gordon and Co. themselves stated in a letter to the agent, "If you did not write the order, you had better find out who committed the forgery," and in expressing the opinion that the matter was not one for a Civil Court, we were simply adopting their own suggestion.

## BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

### "JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

*December 22nd.*—THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

In you there breathes personified
The majesty of law,
Unswerving justice—Britain's pride—
Equity without flaw:
'Twill be a most unpleasant wrench
When Death removes you from the bench.

*December 22nd.*—JOHN MASKELYNE.

You've dealt in mysteries for years
And puzzled us completely;
Your magic is the sort that cheers—
You do it all so neatly;
The ghosts you raise, I'm pleased to say,
Have such engaging manners
That curious crowds to see them pay
Their shillings and their tanners.

When for that distant bourne you sail
Which ghosts alone inhabit,
Be sure your coming they will hail
And shout "Produce a rabbit!"
Then, if my sage advice you'll take;
You'll do your tricks before them;
And, while the ghosts with laughter shake
They'll eagerly encore them!

## HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXXI.

### A DESERTED WIFE APPEALS FOR HER CHILDREN.

We direct attention to the following appeal. We have verified its statements, and are satisfied that the writer is in every way deserving of public sympathy and assistance. Married to a man who is quite unworthy, and has deserted his wife and children in order to live with another woman, and in deserting left her absolutely penniless, she has done what she can to keep a roof over the heads of her children and herself and to obtain work. But work, in these circumstances, is very difficult to obtain, and friends desert when destitution is within sight. If any of our readers can find work, or, in the absence of employment, will lend a helping hand at this Christmastide, they will be bestowing charity where it is greatly needed and entirely deserved.

Owing to an unfortunate circumstance, of which you are aware, I was left with only a few shillings when the expenses of my illness were paid, instead of pounds as anticipated, and added to this my little girl, who was all I had left, was taken away to the hospital with diphtheria a week after my baby was born, and a few weeks ago my aunt, who had been the nearest approach I had known to a mother since childhood, died, leaving me homeless and almost friendless in the world. The magistrates have granted me separation for desertion with 30s. per week alimony, but my husband deliberately defied them and neither appealed or attempted to pay a farthing, and as he has since disappeared with this woman there is a Committal Order out against him for three months' imprisonment. Therefore, being penniless, I find myself faced with the cruel problem—Am I to go to the workhouse and take my little ones who have been tenderly nurtured, and thus get their father imprisoned? Am I to become one of those poor unfortunates who sell their souls for money—to maintain my little ones? (I feel I would rather destroy myself than do either of these things); or is there perhaps someone among your many readers more fortunately placed than I, who has known the awful heartache, the days and nights of agony of mind and heart, that come to those who have been deserted by the one who swore to "love and cherish" them for someone else? Or, it may be that there is some father or mother to whom the comfort and happiness of their children is paramount to everything. Or, someone who, though neither of these, will stretch out a friendly hand to help me help my little ones. I am 34 years of age, well educated, and willing to work "every hour that God sends" to keep them if anyone will give me a start.

I am in one room with my two children (last Christmas we were in a house at £60 per annum and surrounded by every comfort), and do not even know where this week's rent is coming from; and this is the season of "Peace and Goodwill." Oh! the tragedy of it all!

For myself I ask nothing; my heart is broken, my life ended, except in so far as my dear little ones are concerned, and from the bottom of my broken heart I appeal for them, for "Inasmuch——!"

We have received, and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

XCIX.—M. S., 50s.
CVII.—M. S., 10s.
CVIII.— M. S., 40s.
CIX.—"Anonymous," 1s
CXVI.—"X. X X.," 5s.
CXVII.—"Dumenil's Shot," £1 1s.
CXVIII.—"Sogno," 2s. 6d.; "Deansgate," 8s. 6d.; Staff of Werple Way Council School, 17s. 9d.; "Sympathiser," 5s.; "A Tory," 5s.; A. G., 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," 2s.; Eleanor Road L.C.C. School, 10s.; "Bot," 1s.; "A Soldier," 3s.; "White, Green and Purple," 5s.
CXIX.—M. A., 2s.; J. C. A., 3s.; E., 3s.; 56 712788, 1s.; P.M., 1s. 6d.; "Mater," 3s.; F. H. T., 5s.; F. B., 1s.; L. M., 2s. 6d.; J. V. B., 1s.; L. K., 5s.; "Postal," 6d.; "Scotswoman," 4s.; E. M. S., 2s.; R. B., 2s. 6d.; "Daphne," £1; A. C. C., 5s.; J. P. H., 2s. 6d.; G. P. B., 2s.; Staff of Boys' Dept. Hugon Road School, 9s.; "White, Green and Purple," 5s.; G. S. G. R., 10s.; "Tom," 1s.; S. S., 2s.; "Bobby," 5s.; Girls of Hugon Road L.C.C. School (Fulham), £1 6s. 6d.; J. C. B., 10s. 6d.; "Maud H.," 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; C. J., 2s. 6d; G. S. G. R., 10s.; "Tom," 1s.; S. S., 2s.; "Bobby," 5s.; G. W. H., 1s.; D. J. A., 5s.; J. J. J., 2s. 6d.; S. H., 3s.; W. L., 10s.; "Always," 5s.; E. W. W., 1s.; C. M., 5s.; J. P. M., 1s.; J. E. F., 1s.; "A Poor Girl," 1s.; "Poor Old Ben," 5s.; "Volt," 1s.; "P.," 10s.; Miss Ch. P., 2s. 6d.; Miss M. F., 2s. 6d.; A. Y., 10s.; "Sympathiser," 2s.; K. & G. 2s.
CXX.—"Honest Freemason," 5s.; "Mary," 5s.; J. J. J., 5s.; "Anon," 1s.; "Family Man," 5s.; "Salcombe," 2s. 6d.; R. C., 1s.; "H. B. H.," 10s.; "Thankoffering," 2s. 6d. "A Soldier," 2s. 6d.; E. D. B., 2s. 6d.; B. B., 2s. 6d.

## THE COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY OF CHRISTMAS.

By Jim Crow.

*[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]*

I have already worried my readers to extinction with philosophic dictionaries, which have nothing whatever to do with philosophy and are only dictionaries by the courtesy of the compositors. As I know even less about commerce than the greengrocer round the corner, it occurs to me as a very happy thought to begin a commercial dictionary. The great advantage of these dictionaries is that they save all the trouble of choosing subjects. I just peep into Johnson and find a word and say something, which at first sight appears to be idiotic, but after mature reflection turns out to be hideously profound. Take this, for instance:

### Merry Xmas!

Christmas.—Your obvious reflection is that no dictionary ever began with the letter C. If my commerce consisted in dealing with the obvious, I should have spelt it Xmas. It would have been splendid to begin a dictionary with the letter X. Peradventure, some of the sillier and less thoughtful of you have jumped to the hasty conclusion that I am a disagreeable, cantankerous person, who ought to be put away in a lunatic asylum or condemned cell during the festive season. Year after year I have felt like an intruder, almost like a skeleton at the feast, when I have come into these pages growling and grousing and grumbling over the few shortcomings which can be discovered at the close of the merry month of December.

### Christmas Commerce.

Naturally, when everybody is feeling generous and kind-hearted and friendly, a certain amount of commerce is inevitable. You must buy your French birds and Greek currants and Spanish suet; you may even have to consult your tame moneylender about sordid, indispensable coins of the realm; you may even be grateful for catalogues and price lists and lurid advertisements if you are lacking in ideas about the tastes of your family. Little Freddy or little Frankie may have given you hints about his extreme interest in motor-cars, or balloons, or golf balls, but if you have any self-respect you will have realised that a present depends almost entirely upon its unexpectedness. If you are in the habit of giving your friends and relations the same kind of thing year after year—say a dozen of port, or a keg of usquebaugh, or some other invitation to sick headaches—your bounty will become a habit, a revenue, almost an old-age pension. If, after filling up Form IV., you find that you can only run to six bottles of "the Boy," you will get no gratitude at all, you will be regarded merely as a cantankerous curmudgeon or a defaulting duke.

### The Sock of Santa Claus.

This is the season of forgiveness, so perhaps a little toleration may be extended to me if I indulge in reminiscence. As an old Tory, which is the same thing as a new Radical, I have always delighted in the maintenance of venerable customs. Thus it came to pass that (long after I had been excluded from the nursery) I continued to hang up my stocking for the encouragement of Santa Claus. When I was about fifteen, I received a hint that the time had come to put away childish things. But I still cherished superstitions sufficiently to persevere. I knew, of course, at the back of my head, that the contents of my stocking (which by that time had of course been reduced to a sock) did not emanate from the mysterious person who travels down the chimney on the 24th of December. In fact, I was sufficiently ashamed of myself to realise that the display of my pedal garment was very like begging; that it would have been much nicer to wait and see whether a fat cheque would be concealed under my plate at breakfast-time. Yet I persevered. Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. I expected so little that, when I took my sock from the chimney, I did not even murmur a sigh on discovering nothing but a few grains of soot. No toys, no parcels of sweets, no bulging beastliness of that sort. Indeed, I walked about all day and only learned by accident when I went, horribly over-fed, to bed, that I had been hugging a banknote against my ankle all day.

### Artificial Amusements.

But I am straying from my subject as usual. I want to grumble very mildly about the invariable habit of commercial persons who degrade our pleasures to commercial purposes. Take that horrid town, Paris, for instance. All the most obvious quarters are entirely devoted to ministering to the amusement of foreigners. Huge industries have arisen to establish French music-halls, French cafés, French haunts of dissipation, which are never visited by French people, but which prosper exceedingly through the adventitious excursion of unsophisticated excursionists, vainly imagining they are seeing French life. That is the kind of spirit which we do not want imported wholesale into England. Of course we must have commerce, even at Christmas. People are not going to provide port and turkeys for nothing, nor can we scold the big shops for dressing their windows attractively at a time when everybody is agog to buy something for somebody else.

### Christmas-card-sharpers.

But the exploitation of Christmas is to be discouraged. Christmas cards, for instance, have surely had their day long ago. We need variety in our pleasures. When Christmas cards first came in, they were quite pretty and prickly. You had visions of holly; some sticky powder which could be mistaken for snow; robins sitting on twigs and red-nosed gentlemen distributing plum puddings to the hungry. Very likely you pasted all these tokens of joviality into albums which your grandchildren will despise, even as wastepaper. So far so good, but to attempt to combine the fashion of Christmas cards with Birmingham hustling and an atmosphere of petroleum is incongruous. Christmas cards have been killed by picture postcards. No one wants a sentiment about a dear little robin redbreast when he can have a portrait of a fat woman perspiring on a pier. The modern idea of a Christmas card is the picture of a British fort printed in Germany.

### Your Yule.

What a happy thought! I started out on a dictionary and I have devoted nearly the whole of the volume to one word beginning with X. Now let me give you a dramatic contrast: Yule. This is horribly heathen, I know. Indeed, I have met extreme Protestants who talk of Yule because they objected to the second syllable of the word Christmas as Popish. They may, however, be excused to this extent: that Christmas suggests shivering, and red noses, and rum punch, and horrible woollen mufflers, and small boys shivering in the snow, while Yule conveys notions of crackling logs, and blue flames, and snap-dragon.

### Happy Heathens.

Our annual festival must be heathenish to the extent of excluding all the cold blasts of kill-joys, but I do not want it to be heathenish to the extent of shutting out the geniality and friendliness which we associated with Christianity until they were burlesqued by Dickens. If I had not unfortunately reached the letter Y, I should like to go back to the letter D (the very biggest one that the mellifluous printer can discover) in order to express my horror of the Dickens view of Christmas.

### The Dickens!

Oh, oh! Oh, oh! Now I have discovered an excellent subject for my Christmas sermon of next year, which I fear is to be a Dickens anniversary. What the dickens Dickens ever had to do with Christmas would puzzle even Lord Dundreary's fellow to understand. The artificial, hide-bound, struggling, yearning geniality of frost-bitten fools, the nutmeg-grater atmosphere emanating from woollen underclothing, the Tom Hughes attitude towards life, the instant ambition to spread pieces of orange peel upon the pavement for the diversion of old ladies, the laborious conversion of misanthropists after five minutes' intercourse with a little child—are they not all written in the books of the most tiresome pedant who was ever exalted to the position of a hero by the half-educated drivellers of a God-forsaken age?

God bless you, merry gentlemen. A happy New Year and a merry Christmas to you. This is only a little gentle introit to what I shall have to say to you next year, if, as I greatly fear, it is to be a Dickens jubilee.

## "CANADA'S DEATH-TRAP."

### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

Under this heading, there appeared in our issue of December 10 an article written by Mr. Louis Wain, in which the drawbacks of the life of the immigrant in Canada were forcibly stated. We have received a number of letters traversing Mr. Wain's main statements, and we have been asked, on the plea of fair play, to give them publicity. Considerations of space prevent our publishing these letters *in extenso*, but we give the substance of them as found in certain representative communications. Here we may say a word in reply to complaints of friends and readers in Canada who think that we are over-fond of belittling the Dominion, that we shut our eyes to its virtues, and use a magnifying glass when seeing its defects. We hope that allegation has no foundation in fact. Our aim is to put before our readers the truth, whether it applies to the life of settlers in Canada, to the conditions of labour in our cities, the scandal of industrial school life, or what not. No one has a firmer belief in the magnificent destiny reserved for the Dominion than we have, and we think it well that some of the young and vigorous who have difficulty in finding employment in this country should seek it in the colonies, but we are anxious that they should go with no misconception as to the position there, and that when they get there they shall have a fair run for their money. And now for the other side of "the death-trap."

We may perhaps begin our quotations with a letter sent us by Mr. H. B. Forsyth, a solicitor, who writes from 75, Union Street, Aberdeen. He says:—

> I hold no brief for Canada, but having spent nearly two years in the West, I think I am entitled to speak with some authority, and I say that the article in question is simply a bit of cheap silly romancing. I should say it is big odds that the writer never saw Canada. He has not touched a single one of the real difficulties in front of emigrants, and he is hopelessly at sea without exception when he ventures to state any concrete facts.

This is a little sweeping, but it puts the view of many of our correspondents.

Mr. S. Humphry can only imagine that the article was written to promote correspondence. He says that he has resided for the last year in West Saskatchewan, not far from the Alberta border. There is a lake in his neighbourhood called Tramping Lake, and the district surrounding it is called the Tramping Lake District; so he assumes it must be his part of the country spoken of by Mr. Wain when he refers to the Tramping Lake district. It is clear to Mr. Humphry that Mr. Wain did not know what he was writing about.

As to Mr. Wain's statements concerning the severity of the weather and frost-bitten hands, Mr. A. R. Taylor writes:—

> During seven years' residence out here I have not found one man's hands like that, and I have been on farms, experienced two years' camp life, been to several towns, and travelled 4,000 miles West besides North. As to Mr. Wain's complaint of coming across a starving wolf snarling over a few human bones, personally I have seen plenty of buffalo and deer skulls and bones, but have never seen the human bones Mr. Wain talks about.

As to the length of the winter Mr. C. Church writes:—

> It is a gross misrepresentation to say that the winter lasts seven months. Five months is the outside limit, and here in Calgary the first snowfall has occurred to-day, and that only very slight. Hardly ever is there enough for sleighing. This is to an extent owing to the frequent winds from the West, known as "Chinooks," which rapidly dissolve the snow. It is true that the temperature sometimes drops to fifty degrees below zero, but this only lasts a day or so. The great feature of the climate is the absence of excessive rain, and the amount of sunshine all the year round, and the dry atmosphere. Of course, the farther north one goes the greater will be the snowfall and its frequency, but the other conditions remain as in the southern parts.

As to Mr. Wain's statement that Western Canada is no place for decent women, Mr. Taylor writes:

> This statement is quite untrue. My knowledge of women out there is that they are as moral and womanlike as our own sisters and mothers. As to half-breeds, of course, they are there; in fact, there are quarter-breeds and one-eighth breeds, and they go to any fraction of breed, but you don't have to mix with them. It is purely optional.

We have also a number of letters from different parts of Canada traversing the statements in our article of October 29 entitled "Canadian Siberia," but we are prevented by considerations of space from saying anything about these letters, except that, speaking generally, they take the line of those we have quoted above.

## A POTTED POLITICAL PANTO.

### BY "RETLAW."

### REDMOND'S IRRESOLUTION; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF ERIN.

SCENE: *The Committee Room of the Nationalist Party at Westminster.*

JOHN REDMOND *discovered alone in meditation. Slow music—The Dollar Princess Waltz.*

REDMOND: The Radical campaign against the Lords
My opportunity at last affords.
In the new Parliament the Rads. will be,
Without my aid, in a minority.
Thanks to my Yankee trip, I am supplied
With cash enough to humble England's pride.
The Government's dilemma I will use
To force my will—nor will they dare refuse!
Too long it has been Ireland's piteous fate
To wear the chains of an unfriendly State;
But now her trouble ceases, for Home Rule
Will pass in less than no time.

ENTER *Spirit of Self-Interest.*

S. OF S.-I.: Bah! you fool!
And what will *you* be then? No longer head
Of that small band the Rads. have learned to dread;
No longer Asquith's master, George's boss,
You'll find yourself a very different hoss.
Why hasten, then, the unpropitious hour
Which, freeing Ireland, robs you of your power?

REDMOND (*starting to his feet*): Hence, evil spirit, tempt me not!
With Ireland free, what matters then *my* lot?
Or what dull destiny for me awaits?

S. OF S.-I.: And no more trips to the United States!
No more triumphant tours through foreign lands,
With dollars dropping in your outstretched hands,
No more acclaimed home-comings, with the roar,
And glare of beacons burning on the shore—

REDMOND (*walking distractedly up and down*): Get thee behind me!—Still I must confess
There is some truth in all that you express.

S. OF S.-I.: Whence, then, will come the money which is sent
From England, Irish funds to supplement?
Think how the taxes then must rise,
To Ireland's anger and surprise!
The savage populace will storm, enraged,
And curse the cause in which you are engaged.
On you their wrath will fall, when they have found
Home Rule for Ireland is an empty sound.

REDMOND (*shuddering*): It all sounds very dreadful, I admit.
Perhaps the time, as yet, is scarcely fit.

S. OF S.-I.: Around O'Brien then the mob will throng,
And call upon him to avenge their wrong.
But you, who've laboured for a glorious end,
Will find yourself, at last without a friend!

REDMOND (*mopping his beaded brow*): It all sounds very horrid, I must say:
Home Rule we'll postpone till another day.

CHORUS *of Kilkenny Cats:*
Meow, mar-i-a, see he wavers!
In irresolution quavers!
Meow, mar-i-a, meow!
Meow, mar-i-a, it is certain
Ireland's cause he is desertin'.
Meow, mar-i-a, meow!

*Enter* ERIN, *the Spirit of Ireland.*

ERIN: What, wavering! when in your strong right hand
You grasp the freedom of your native land?
Hence (*to the Spirit of Self-Interest*), loathed sprite
who basely would seduce
The Irish champion with some false excuse!

SPIRIT OF SELF-INTEREST *disappears through trap. Thunder and red fire.*

ERIN (*pointing her wand at Redmond*):
Arouse once more your patriotic zeal,
And on your lengthy labours put the seal;
Heed not the fate that, after, may be thine.

REDMOND: All right; I'll make old Asquith "toe *the line*"!

[CURTAIN.]

## THE GREAT HOAX.

By Vincent Basevi.

It is February in the year 1911. Parliament is sitting and, on a particularly dreary afternoon, the House of Commons is engaged in discussing a particularly dreary and useless piece of legislation. But the air seems charged with electricity, and none of the recently-elected members present are giving a thought to the subject under discussion. For at this very hour the augmented House of Lords is dealing with the new Parliament Bill; the great measure which, by abolishing the House of Lords, is to solve all the troubles that beset these islands. Once this Bill is passed, there is to be less beer and more bread, free boots for all children, Home Rule for Ireland and Lundy, Votes for Women and children and all dogs paying the seven-and-sixpenny licence, and the millennium is to follow three days later. Everybody knows this, for the Cabinet Ministers have said so.

The whole country is waiting eagerly for the plain statement that the House of Lords is abolished. Within a few moments of the announcement, papers will be on sale in the streets telling the eager public that the only obstacle to true happiness for all has been removed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer fidgets in his seat and continually looks towards the double doors of the House. Surely the announcement should have come by now? Other less ubiquitous members of the Government follow his lead, and become impatient for the news. There could be no discussion in the Upper House. The five hundred new Peers would see to that. The Premier sits calm and unruffled. He is smiling in a knowing way, as if he alone guesses what is happening.

Meanwhile, a great historic scene is being enacted in the House of Lords. The red-covered benches are crowded to the full, and on the Government side, newly-created Peers are standing, as they cannot find seats. Then Lord Crewe rises and asks leave to read the Parliament Bill a first time.

The five hundred new Peers look round the handsome chamber which they have now the right to adorn. They think of their new ermine robes, with the little tabs of black, showing by the number of rows their newly-acquired dignity. They think of the new coronets, with silver balls representing pearls, and, what is more important, social rank. They think of the recently-acquired powers which they are now asked to vote away.

And now they remember how the opposite party has held power in the past, without ruin to the nation. When, considering recent history from a new standpoint, they are far from sure that the Unionist party has not been a great and a noble force. And then so many staunch Liberals, when promoted to the House of Lords, have become ardent Unionists. Why should they not do the same?

And they do.

Consequently, the country settles down once more to be governed in the old way, under the old Constitution; and the only change is that the House of Lords is greatly strengthened, and five hundred loyal Liberals, rewarded for their support to the party by being raised to the peerage, become staunch Unionists.


# DR. COOK TELLS THE TRUTH.

### THE TRUE STORY OF HIS EXPEDITION AT LAST.

*We have secured the exclusive serial rights for Great Britain of a remarkable and thrilling narrative by Dr. Cook—in which, for the first time, he tells the full and true story of his North Pole expedition. Nothing more sensational has ever been written in the annals of journalism. The story will extend over a period of several weeks—and the first instalment will be published IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.*

**ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.**


## MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ELECTION.

### UNIQUE CONGRATULATIONS FROM SOUTH DEVON.

Mr. Bottomley has received many congratulations on his re-election, but the following is one of the most interesting:—

We, the undersigned, being constant readers of your invaluable paper, John Bull, tender you our hearty congratulations on your splendid victory at South Hackney.

We have watched with the keenest interest and pleasure your magnificent fight against the "Killjoys," "Cranks" and "Faddists."—Yours for the break up of the Party game (Signed):—Regd. S. Perry, Socialist; Ernest W. Sleep, Radical; H. Reed, Unionist; W. Dinnicombe, Liberal; H. Perkins, Liberal; H. H. Rogers, Socialist; W. H. Strawbridge, Labour; S. I. Barnicott, Independent; W. H. Hamlyn, Labour; W. A. Ruston, Liberal; H. A. Reed, Jun., Unionist; Herbert Cooke, Socialist; J. Cheaman, Unionist; A. Essery, Liberal; T. R. Powe, Independent; H. Parnell, Socialist; J. Honeywill, Unionist; W. H. Webb, Socialist; G. Reed, Unionist; W. Parnell, Independent; W. G. Adams, Unionist; L. C. Gregory, Unionist.

Newton Abbot, S. Devon, December 8th, 1910.

## THE GENTEEL POLITICIAN.

("*It is genteel to be a politician.*"—Lord Hugh Cecil.)

Though unconscious of a mission,
I've political ambition,
For a seat in Britain's Parliament I yearn;
There, with absolute devotion
I would follow every motion,
And the Whip's appreciation nightly earn.
Health and strength I would not study,
Aye, though naturally ruddy,
I would willingly grow languid and turn pale;
From December to November,
As a simple private Member,
I'd endure whate'er the session might entail.

Not for love of country merely—
Though I love Old England dearly—
Would I give my days to legislative toil;
Nor would hopes of sharing booty
Spur me on to do my duty—
I've already made my little bit of spoil.
No; let others crave for office,
Me the private post would suffice,
And the reason why I'll willingly reveal—
Uncomplainingly I'd suffer
All the ills the House can offer,
For—to be a politician is genteel!

W. M.

## AFTER THE FIGHT.

H. H. A. and A. J. B. (*both together*): Dirty Weather, Isn't It?

# A *Summit* Proposal.

A Man's Linen is often a deciding factor in the crucial affairs of life. Appearances are everything. You are judged and may even be accepted on appearances. No man can expect to look his best unless his linen is beyond reproach. Our claim that *Summit* Shirts and Collars will make the best of you; you will readily acknowledge if you test it.

**Write for the BOOKLET— a postcard brings it.**

This is a *Summit* proposal which we want you to accept. We will send you a sample *Summit* Dress Shirt, carriage paid, if you will send us a postal order for 5/6; stating the size of your outside collar, and your length of arm — we keep THREE LENGTHS of SLEEVE. The fronts are made of Irish Linen, French Piqué, or Swiss Pleats. Tell us your preference. **SIX styles at ONE price,** 5/6 **each.**

**Austin Reed** *Ltd*
13 FENCHURCH STREET
5 ST. MARY AXE · 137a CHEAPSIDE ·
LONDON · E · C

## THE N.S.P.C.C. AND ITS OFFICERS.

### A DERBY READER'S COMPLAINT.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has done, and continues to do, much good service, but its officials and procedure are sometimes open to criticism. The following case illustrates that remark.

A correspondent who lives at Kegworth tells us that on his arrival home recently one of his daughters informed him that during the day someone had called to make enquiries with regard to his children. She could not say who it was beyond that it was someone in uniform. The man turned out to be an official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He appears to have been attracted to the case by the fact that earlier in the year our correspondent's young children were in the habit in the summer of wearing sandals —an excellent practice, by the way, which we are glad to know is becoming much more general than it used to be. The official, not content with examining the footwear of the children in question, entered the house, the husband and wife being absent, and questioned the daughter as follows :—

1. How long is the first wife deceased?
2. How long is it since your father married again?
3. Who is the second wife?
4. What was her full name before marriage, and her age?
5. Had she a business in Derby?
6. How long did she regularly attend to it after marriage?
7. How long has she stayed regularly at home?
8. Is it still her business, and how often does she go to Derby?
9. Has she children of her own?
10. Is your father an old man?
11. How old is he?
12. Is he in the —— at Derby?
13. What salary does he receive?
14. Do any of his children go to work?
15. What money do they bring home?

It is not surprising to learn that our correspondent was very indignant at the action of the official. He is a man holding a responsible position in Derby, with over 30 years' service, and an excellent character.

Upon receiving news of the visit he wrote to the inspector of the Society at Baxter Gate, Loughboro,' requesting the name of the Society's informant, as he believed him to have been inspired by malice. To this he received a reply from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Wilfred Moss, in which he said :—

"I regret being unable to give you the name of our informant in this matter, as it is the rule of our Society that all such communications shall be treated as strictly confidential."

Our correspondent replied protesting against this rule, and Mr. Moss answered, saying :—

"The Inspector further says that he conducted his inquiries (which he stated were only of the usual kind) with the utmost delicacy, and that he did not touch any of the children to examine them."

It seems to us that this reply, instead of mending matters, made them worse; and our correspondent expressed the same opinion in a further letter to Mr. Moss, from whom he could get no satisfaction. Ultimately, however, he received a letter from the head office, in which he was informed that the correspondence had been sent to Mr. Parr, the Director. It was admitted that the inspector had exceeded his duty, and apologies were tendered. Perhaps it will be as well to quote from Mr. Parr's letter, so that the position of the Society in the matter may be placed beyond doubt :—

"Communications made to the Society, *bond-fide* in the interests of children, are privileged, and the names of informants can only be given in cases where malice can be proved. The complaint in this case is certainly of the most trivial character, but having made enquiry, we are satisfied there was no intention on the part of the informant either to cause you injury or annoyance, and therefore we are unable to give you further information. At the same time, I am exceedingly sorry you were troubled by a visit from the Inspector, and have much pleasure in stating that his report was in every way satisfactory. The Society has an important duty to perform, and I trust you will be satisfied with this explanation."

It will be noticed that, whilst the Director apologises for the action of the inspector, he maintains the right of the officials of the Society to take such action as that complained of, namely, to call at the house of a respectable citizen, and interrogate children offensively.

### OH! FOR A BUSINESS (LOCAL) GOVERNMENT.

The Grimsby Highways Committee recently devoted ten minutes to discussing the subject of providing work for the unemployed—and then spent three-quarters of an hour on the subject of a new typewriter!

## THE WHITE STAR'S "OLYMPIC."

### ANTIQUATED BOARD OF TRADE REGULATIONS HAZARD THOUSANDS OF LIVES.

We print below a very important letter from a naval architect. It is primarily concerned with the boat accommodation of the *Olympic*, but it touches upon a matter which is nothing short of a great scandal. When questioned by Mr. Bottomley as to why the *Olympic* had only 14 lifeboats and 2 dinghies, as shown by her model, Mr. Buxton replied that, whatever the number of her boats; they are "in excess of the requirements of the statutory rules." That was a very remarkable statement, and albeit technically correct discloses, though Mr. Buxton does not seem to be aware of it, a grave state of affairs. The maximum number of boats required by the Board of Trade Regulations is 16—16 boats for a steamer of 10,000 tons. But this regulation was framed a great many years ago, when there was no steamer in the water of more than 10,000 tons—indeed, none approaching that tonnage. This maximum requirement remains to-day, when there are ships of 50,000 and 55,000 tons being built. The theory of the Board of Trade, of course, is that a ship shall carry boats enough to convey all on board of her, to ship every soul, assuming that the vessel has on board at the time of a catastrophe her full complement of crew and passengers. Let us illustrate the need for this Regulation by what happened a few months ago.

The *Pericles*, belonging to the Aberdeen line, went down in a calm sea and fair weather. Her passengers and crew numbered 600. Happily, she had 12 boats, which were more than sufficient to take off every man on board. But supposing the *Olympic*, with 16 boats only, had been in the same position, and had had 3,400 souls on board. Loaded to the water's edge, these boats could only have taken off less than 1,000 of the passengers. 2,400 souls must have gone to the bottom of the ocean —assuming, of course, that there was no vessel near enough to render help—in fine weather and a calm sea. With 64 boats, each carrying 60 passengers, the *Olympic* will have more boat accommodation than she actually requires; but not more than, by the way, the new German steamer *Europa*, which is one-fifth larger than the *Olympic*. This vessel will carry no fewer than 96 boats. Is it conceivable that, if the Board of Trade were managed on business lines; steps would not have been taken before this to revise the present antiquated Regulations?

The following is the letter referred to above:—

> I have read with much interest your notes regarding lifeboat accommodation on different steamers of different lines, and especially in the *Olympic* and *Titanic*, now under construction. I think it will interest you and your readers to know that towards the end of 1909, Mr. A. M. Carlisle, general manager of Harland and Wolff, Ltd., and myself, went very carefully into the question of boats and special davits for large steamers, as we both felt that the time was not far distant when the Board of Trade would feel bound to move and revise their rules, not only as to boats carried, but concerning other special fittings for the safety of the passengers and crew. We accordingly worked out, under my patents, special davits for these ships, each pair capable of carrying 3 or even 4 ordinary wood or steel lifeboats. These davits are actually being fitted throughout the vessels in question, and although I have personally no idea of how many boats the builders or owners are likely to fit in these ships prior to their departure, yet the very provision of such gear is *prima facie* evidence of their desire to be not only up-to-date, but well ahead of present requirements. As is evidenced by your correspondence, you are aware that the rule which passes a 10,000 ton ship will pass a 45,000 ton vessel also, and it is therefore perfectly plain that the regulations in connection with boats have not kept pace with the rapidly-increasing tonnages of the Merchant Service.

### SERVANT MAIDS IN WEST AUSTRALIA.

Referring to our article describing the adventures of a servant maid who went to Western Australia, we have received a letter from Mr. Herbert, of the Commercial Travellers' Association of New South Wales, addressed from 10, Moore Street, Sydney, dated October 22nd, in which he writes :—"None should go to Western Australia. The way the emigrants are treated there is a disgrace to civilisation."

# Another Challenge to the Cambridge University Press!

## A Referendum to JOHN BULL Readers— Which is Really the Best Encyclopædia?

As the Cambridge University Press refuses to accept our challenge, we once more call their attention to our letter of November 28th.

This letter read as follows :—

Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.
Nov. 28, 1910.

Messrs. the Cambridge University Press,
Fetter Lane, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—We note that you are now issuing the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and that you are making vague claims as to its being the best Encyclopædia in the language.

Being a public body, we presume that you are concerned with supplying the best things to the public without consideration as to the amount of profit to yourselves.

Therefore, as the publishers of the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia," we submit that for 90 per cent. of the probable buyers of an Encyclopædia, "Chambers' Encyclopædia" is, from an all-round point of view, incomparably the best.

We challenge you to submit the two—"The Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia"—for judgment as to their value to an independent committee, formed of men such as Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Sir Frederick Treves, the Bishop of London, the President of the Incorporated Law Society, and the President of the Society of Chartered Accountants, or any other names that you may suggest. If this representative committee does not decide that, judged by

(*a*) the relative prices of the works,

(*b*) The weight of authority attaching to their respective contributors, and (*c*) the relative quality, usefulness and conciseness of the articles,

the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia" is the best Encyclopædia for 90 men out of 100, we will pay the sum of £200 to the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

Thanking you for an early reply, we are, yours faithfully,
For the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
(Signed) J. S. MALCOLM, Director.

This challenge the Cambridge University Press refuse to accept. Why is it? Can it be because the Cambridge University Press fear the result? Because they themselves know that for ninety men out of one hundred the "Illustrated Chambers'" is the best Encyclopædia on the market, although it costs only one-fourth the price of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

### WILL YOU BE ON THE JURY?

As the Cambridge University Press will not accept our challenge, we wish to make another attempt to get the question settled. We want John Bullites to form a jury themselves. We want you to help decide this question, to sit on the jury yourself and to say which Encyclopædia is really the best worth buying. After all, John Bullites in their thousands will form a more reliable jury than a few selected specialists.

So will every reader of JOHN BULL who is willing to judge on this question please send us his name and address on this form, or on a postcard, so that we may send him full particulars and an interesting book telling all about the "Illustrated Chambers'." It will be sent you without any expense or obligation, and please do not send any money for postage.

### What the Nation's Great Men Say.

We have already received—in fact are receiving every day—letters from well-known men which will help you in deciding this point. For instance, would you not place reliance in a committee composed of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Lord Curzon, and Earl Roberts? Listen then to their verdict on "Chambers'":—

**The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith** WRITES ON OCTOBER 17TH, 1910:—

"It is a work of the utmost value."

**Lord Curzon of Kedleston** WRITES ON OCTOBER 18TH, 1910:—

"I have always regarded 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' as the most concise, scholarly and useful compendium of universal knowledge anywhere to be found within a similar compass."

**The Right Hon. R. B. Haldane** WRITES ON OCTOBER 20TH 1910:—

"I have known 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' for many years, and have found it a very valuable book of reference. I shall rely on this new edition as a very comprehensive collection of knowledge, brought together in a most convenient form for reference, and hope to use it almost daily."

**Earl Roberts** WRITES ON OCTOBER 24TH, 1910:—

"As a work of reference 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' is quite invaluable, and I am very glad to possess it."

So far we have said nothing of how much an Encyclopædia like "Chambers'" can help you. Perhaps we do not need to, perhaps you yourself realise that you cannot in the words of Lord Morley, "take up a single copy of a newspaper and not come upon something in it upon which you would consult an Encyclopædia of reference." Do you realise that? Do you realise, also, if you have children that they will grow up better informed and better educated if they have the "Illustrated Chambers'" to go to for information?

We want to urge you to take advantage of this offer of the *Free Book* if there is even the smallest possibility of your buying an Encyclopædia. For we do not want you to buy another, and then have to regret not having first seen the "Illustrated Chambers'." It does not matter whether you want an Encyclopædia now, or might possibly want one in a year's time. Send for the *free book* to-day.

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This coupon will bring you, post free, a handsomely illustrated book, telling all about the latest edition of the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia," including particulars of the exceptional terms whereby it is delivered, carriage paid, on a first payment of 2s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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## REMINISCENCES OF STIRNOT HOMES.

*(From the Diary of Dr. John Whatson).*

SECOND SERIES.

BY WALTER MOORE.

### THE GOOSE CLUB MYSTERY.

My friend Stirnot Homes's complete mastery of the science of deductive detection was never proved with such irresistible force as in that remarkable case known to criminologists as the Goose Club Mystery.

It has been said by some wise man, whose name escapes my memory at the moment, that Truth is stranger than Fiction. Until the incident occurred which I am about to relate, I had never realised to the full how true that was.

On the evening of the 23rd of December, 19—, Homes and I were cosily ensconced in our armchairs in our homely sitting-room in Butcher Street. The curtains were closely drawn, the gas burned with unusual steadiness—from which we argued that our worthy, if somewhat parsimonious, landlady had in all probability allowed an extra twopence to slip into the slot by mistake—our pipes were pulling cool, fragrant, and free, and our four slippered feet converged to a common point in close juxtaposition to a blazing fire, when a ring came from the telephone. Homes sprang to the instrument.

"Hallo! *Can't* you speak more plainly?—Take your cigarette out of your mouth.—That's better.—Yes; I am Stirnot Homes.—Who are you?—What?—Come again.—Eh? A silly goose?—Oh, *Secretary* Goose. Well, Mr. Goose, what can I do for you?—What's that?—You're not Secretary Goose?—You say you're not a goose—er, I mean that your name's not Goose?—Glad to hear it.—What?—Oh, ah!—Secretary of the Brickley Arms Goose Club.—Yes, yes.—Dear me!—Treasurer gone off with the geese?—Not with the geese?—Sorry; I see.—Geese not bought yet.—Oh, ah!—with the funds.—Vamoosed with the dibs, you say.—Want me to find him?—(No, miss, we have *not* finished yet)—Yes, yes; I'll come round at once.—The Brickley Arms.—All right.—In half-an-hour.—Yes.—Good-bye."

"Whatson," said Homes again, hanging up the receiver, "if you will have the goodness to put on your boots and find mine, we will proceed to discover the absconding treasurer of the Brickley Arms Goose Club."

It was with no little reluctance—at least, on my part—that we left our warm room and roaring fire behind us, and stepped into the cold and murky night. Half-an-hour later we pushed open the swing doors of the Brickley Arms.

A man was standing before the bar-parlour fire, in an attitude of profound dejection, when we entered.

"We are punctual, you see, Mr. Secretary," murmured Homes.

The man turned swiftly. "Mr. 'Omes?" he said.

"The same," returned my illustrious friend. "And this is Dr. Whatson, who is kind enough to assist me sometimes."

"Now, Mr. Secretary," proceeded Holmes, "let us get to business. There is no time to be lost."

"Well, sir, it's like this 'ere," began the Secretary of the Brickley Arms Goose Club. "About six months ago a stranger came into this neighbour'ood an' started to pal up wiv a lot of us blokes wot use this 'ouse reg'lar. 'E took a lodgin' dahn the street wiv a widder, an' made out as 'e wos a independent bloke wot 'ad 'ad some money left 'im by 'is bruvver in Horstralia. 'E used ter spend 'is money free enuff, thinkin' nuthin of standin' three or four quarts in a hevenin', an' 'e used to tell us 'ow fond 'e wos o' travellin', wich ercounted fer 'is bein' away from 'is lodgin's five or six nights outer hevery seven, an' sometimes fer a fortnight at a time. But 'e sed 'e liked the beer wot they sells 'ere—though I never see'd 'im mop up mor'n a quart at a sittin'. Any'ow, as I ses, 'e made hisself wery haffable, an' wen 'e suggested one night that it 'ud be a good idear to 'ave a Goose Club, we swallered the bait like so many bloomin' fish. 'E didn't say 'e'd like the treasurer's job—'e was too fly fer that—but 'e proposed me fer the secretaryship, an' because I 'appened to 'ave found aht 'e 'ad a ercount at the Benk in the 'Igh Street, an' carried a cheque book; an' 'aving bin told by the widder wot 'e lodged with that 'e was a good 'un to pay up, an' a quiet sort, well—I put 'im forward as treasurer, thinkin' 'im 'avin' money of 'is own might redooce the temptashun to stick to ourn.

"Well, arter a lot of jaw an' persuashun we kidded ourselves we'd got rahnd 'im, an' 'e agreed.

"Everythink went orf all right up ter yesterday. 'E turned up every Sat'd'y night fer five months, an' took our money, an' 'e'd arranged to meet me 'ere lawst night to square up the ercount ready fer payin' out termorrer. But 'e didn't! So th'smornin' I went rahnd to 'is lodgin's. ' 'E's gorn!' ses the old gell—' went yes'dy, sayin' 'e warn't comin' back no more.'

"Then I went rahnd to the Benk.

"' E's drawed out 'is money, an' we don't know where 'e's gorn,' they ses.

"Well, Mr. 'Omes, you kin imagin me feelin's, 'avin' put 'im up fer the job. But 'e's done us dahn; an' nah I wanter find 'im—bad!"

"What is the sum he has taken?"

"Thirty-two pun ten shillin's an' a tanner."

"Can you describe his appearance?" Homes then asked.

"'E's a tall, thin chap, erbout your 'ight an' weight, wiv a grey beard an' merstarche, an' 'e always wore a blue serge soot. Called 'isself Jack Wilson. Sed 'e'd bin a sailor."

"Now, Mr. Secretary," said Holmes, closing his note-book with a snap, "you naturally feel aggrieved with Mr. Jack Wilson, and would, no doubt, like to handle him in the fashion he so richly deserves. But I take it that your chief anxiety is to recover the funds of the club. If I succeed in doing this for you, and produce Mr. Jack Wilson at the same time, will you pledge me your word that no physical chastisement will be inflicted upon him?"

"Well, Mr. 'Omes," replied the Secretary, scratching his head, "we want the dibs—that's true; but I *should* like to 'ave a quiet 'arf hour wiv Mr. Bloomin' Wilson! Any'ow, if you ses 'no,' 'no' it is. Get us back the splosh, an' the bloke kin go; an' *you* won't lose by it, Mr. 'Omes."

"I'm not so sure," murmured Homes, half to himself. "But I will do my best, Mr. Secretary. Be here with a few of your friends in an hour's time."

Without another word Homes stalked out, I following.

"We must now find the absconding treasurer of the Brickley Arms Goose Club," said Homes, and relapsed into a silence I did not venture to disturb.

Immediately we arrived at our lodgings Homes disappeared into his bedroom. I sat by the fire and dozed.

Aroused by a slight sound, I was astonished to find Homes's chair occupied by a grey-bearded, middle-aged man of seafaring aspect.

"You don't 'arf snore, guv'ner," he said gruffly.

"Wha—who are you?" I demanded.

"Jack Wilson. Mr. 'Omes brought me in when you was a-dozing, an' told me to give you this when you woke, 'cos 'e wos in a 'urry. Sed you was tired, an' didn't want to disturb yer."

I snatched the paper from his hand, and read:—

"Dear Whatson,

"This is Mr. Jack Wilson, late treasurer of the Brickley Arms Goose Club. He is anxious to make restitution, and has thirty-two pounds, ten shillings and sixpence in his right hand trousers-pocket. Kindly escort him round to the Brickley Arms, and see that he delivers the sum named to the worthy secretary. Please provide yourself with a revolver, as I shall hold you responsible if any harm comes to your charge. When the transaction is completed, persuade Mr. Jack Wilson to return to Butcher Street with you. I desire to see him.—Yours in haste, HOMES."

I did not altogether relish the duty Homes had deputed to me, but—I did it.

In my watchful presence, before the savage eyes of a dozen wrathful members of the Brickley Arms Goose Club, Mr. Jack Wilson drew thirty-two pounds, ten shillings and sixpence from his right hand trousers-pocket, and placed the money on the table before the secretary.

"Don't be too 'ard on me, mates," pleaded the absconder. "The temtashun was too strong for me. It's all there—ev'ry 'apenny. But if it 'adn't 'a bin fur yore bloomin' nark, 'Omes, I'd a bin on me way to Hostend be now!"

A scene of violence seeming imminent, I drew my revolver, and covered our retreat.

To my surprise, we had no sooner emerged into the street than Mr. Jack Wilson put his hand familiarly through my arm.

"You really must be careful with that revolver, Whatson," he said.

"Homes!" I cried, starting back in amazement.

"Ha, ha!" laughed my friend. "Not a bad advertisement, Whatson, eh? I admit it has taken six months to work it up, and has cost me a pound or two, and one or two headaches at the Brickley Arms—but to-morrow the country will ring with the last notable achievement of Stirnot Homes, who, within an hour and a half of receiving the first intimation of the theft, captured and produced the absconding treasurer—and the cash—of the Brickley Arms Goose Club."

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Gobseck, The Country Doctor,
Old Goriot, The Magic Skin,
The Unknown Masterpiece.

But some of these are short, and as some of them have been, though they are complete in themselves, written in correlation to other novels, it has been thought well to add to the thirteen selected by Mr. Shorter a few of the other novels of Balzac's. Each one of these possesses distinctive excellencies, and the Balzacian who is most jealous of his author's fame would not willingly have left one out.

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Rev. Ernest P. Luce, 18, Mount Pleasant, Wakefield:
"My friends and I esteem it a remarkably accurate manual of medicine for lay use. We have found it quite correct in all its facts and statements, and shall have no hesitation whatever in highly recommending it as a valuable possession to every family."

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Mr. L. G. Horsley, Cashier, Marlborough Rd., Ipswich:
"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

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Name .....
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# OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

**To Mr. Curtis Bennett.**

DEAR CADI,—Accept my congratulations on your pluck and common sense in the matter of the Globe Restaurant prosecution. Too many magistrates are in the habit of assuming that the police are always in the right, and it was refreshing to find you sifting the evidence for yourself and even visiting this night haunt to obtain your own impressions. Places of this kind, where men and women meet late at night for convivial purposes, are viewed with so much suspicion and canting hypocrisy that it usually suffices for a charge to be brought against them, and they are immediately subjected to heavy fines. You did very well to express your strong condemnation of the filthy and prurient behaviour of the detectives who looked under the tables in search of indelicate exhibitions of ribbons, and altogether seem to have acted like the worst kind of provocative agents. And I must take up the matter, not only of the costs you awarded against the police, but also of their accounts, which seem to have been very loosely kept, in view of the fact that public money was being spent. It would certainly be monstrous if the rates were plundered to provide hilarious suppers for clumsy policemen. As you pointed out, there are a great many Bohemian people whose only opportunity to obtain refreshment after their work is by visiting night restaurants. I am very glad that you have made it clear that their convenience is not to be sacrificed to the silly prejudices of people who would like to turn a great capital into a city of gloom.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner, Metropolitan Police.**

SIR,—I cannot congratulate you upon the evidence given by certain of your officers at Bow Street Police Court in support of the charge they made against the licensee of the Globe Restaurant, in Coventry Street, of permitting his premises to be the habitual resort of women of notorious character. Their pockets well lined with gold, they were evidently selected as the right sort of men for a dirty business. On their own story, they got themselves up in evening dress, frequented the restaurant at various dates, drank freely, talked freely, and conducted themselves freely with women they found there; they even looked under the table-cloths to see whether by any chance they could obtain a glimpse of a woman's hose or *lingerie!* But that is not all, Sir. Sergeant Woolf stated that while he was at a table an act of gross indecency occurred to which he was a party! This was the filthy creature who was acting for the Metropolitan Police in a prosecution intended to destroy a man's business and reputation—this the officer who was sent to investigate acts of alleged indecency with the lights down about closing time, and the only positive evidence of indecency he could bring was that of his own act. What a credit to the Metropolitan Police! What an ornament of duty! What an example of detective methods!

Isn't it a shame, Sir, when you come to think of it, that a man who has lived 44 years without offence, under the eyes of the police, in a business conducted in an atmosphere of espionage and suspicion, should be dragged into a police court to protect his means of existence against the dirty allegations and dirtier practices of Sergeant Woolf? Fortunately, the magistrate gave emphasis to that opinion by dismissing the summons and granting 50 guineas costs against the police. Never, surely, were rebuke and punishment of the kind more thoroughly deserved.

JOHN BULL.

**To Jack M'Adam, Fish Expert, Berwick.**

DEAR JACK,—Just a line—no joke—to congratulate you on your recent splendid salmon catch at Canty's Bridge—one of the fish you hear about in angling clubs, but seldom see. Weighed 23lbs.; was 14½ ins. long, 29 ins. round shoulders, depth 10 ins., and length of head 9 ins.; played it for the short time of 20min.; all on your lonesome; worked it with one hand, grabbed it with the other, and landed it without gaff, net, or any other assistance. Did you find a gold watch or a grand piano inside it when you got home? for it is the squarest fish of its size I have heard of; also the biggest-headed, according to its tail; all round, in fact, a fish for a museum. I may be going fishing myself next week. Save it me for bait.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Clerk, Board of Guardians, Builth Wells.**

DEAR PEN AND INK,—Permit me to express the hope that you will have a merry Christmas, and many of 'em. Your Board have certainly done their best to assist you to that blessedness, for I understand that, though they have refused a barrel of beer offered by an outside firm for the Christmas entertainment of the inmates, they have intimated their willingness to accept the gift for you. I suppose that if you do receive the beer you will have most of the guardians coming round with jugs to your back door, asking you to remember the waits. Shouldn't be surprised if you were the draw of the season in Builth. Think of me at the merry meeting. JOHN BULL.

**To His Worship the Mayor of Coventry.**

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I am not surprised that the citizens of Coventry have been proud to do honour to Mr. Alfred Jephcott, a Coventry man, now a resident of Indiana. There are cynics who will tell you that bravery is the fear of being thought a coward, but it is a human quality to be rated higher than that, whether it be shown amid the carnage of war or by noble impulses during peace. What adequate tribute of words can one offer to this man, who offered himself for four and a half hours to the dissecting knife of a surgeon on the operating table—who submitted to have his skin cut from him, piece by piece, that it might be grafted on the body and save the life of another, terribly injured by an explosion, but an utter stranger to him? I shall not attempt to estimate the place of that heroic sacrifice and endurance in our island's story; but I want you to tell Jephcott that this fine thing he has done must thrill the hearts of Englishmen everywhere. Long life, good health, and prosperity to him, Sir, for all the world may stand up and say, "Here is a Man."

JOHN BULL.

**To Captain Freddy Guest, M.P.**

DEAR FREDDY,—Congratulations on your election. Now you have got the seat at last, after travelling all the way from the Rocky Mountains to secure it, I do hope that you will manage to keep it. You have had such shocking bad luck that I feel justified in hoping for improved fortunes; with your high connections and influential relationships, there is no reason why you should not go far—at least as far as an Under-Secretaryship. You are a good fellow and a good sportsman, and I wish you well.

JOHN BULL.

**To Chedomil Mijatovitch, sometime Servian Minister in London.**

DEAR CRANK,—I really do wish you would try to refrain from making yourself ridiculous with your spiritualistic—I had almost said spirituous—revelations on solemn subjects. You have bored and worried the world too long with all your monstrous yarns about the old fortune-teller of Uzhitse, and the ghostly voice at King Milan's abdication, and the revelations of Madame de Thèbes, and I hoped that you had by this time begun to exhaust your hallucinations. But here you are consorting with that other unlicensed crank, W. T. Stead, and trying to electrify us with romances about communications from the late King Alexander through Julia's bureau. I notice that you are wise and careful enough to refrain from giving any details which would be at all likely to convince anyone who knew that excellent Sovereign. You do not even tell us whether he communicated to you through Mr. Stead's medium in the Servian language or only in her native Cockney. Believe me, it is not enough to indulge in vague prophecies about a great European war during the next four years. If the spirit of King Alexander had had anything to say on that or on any other subject, I know enough of him and of you to be quite certain that he would not have chosen you as his confidant. JOHN BULL.

**To Mrs. John Reynolds, San Francisco.**

DEAR MADAM,—Your matrimonial experiences will soon run those of Henry VIII. and Lord Rosslyn very close. However, I wish you better luck this time, especially as I read somewhere that you had come down to great distress. You used to be so pretty and witty when I knew you as May Yohé, that I still feel interested in your welfare. And a woman, particularly an American and an actress, who prefers sentiment to strawberry leaves is so wonderful as to be almost admirable. Let me know how you are getting on and when you are going to give my old country another turn. I hope you will never regret not being a duchess. Anyhow, you can now console yourself by joining campaigns against the House of Lords. JOHN BULL.

# A HAPPY DESPATCH.

"Let party rancour disappear,
Shake hands, and join in Christmas cheer!"

# JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Cheap Money v. Home Politics—A Revival Expected Early in the New Year.—Market Positions Improving.

Christmas is upon us, and I trust that my readers will return to their various vocations all the better for the protracted holiday. This period will probably witness an increase in activity on the Stock Exchange, as some of the professional operators usually take time by the forelock in laying in some promising stocks to sell in the New Year. Money will be cheap and plentiful enough early in January, but, unfortunately, Home politics will not be encouraging. Investment and speculation have, however, been pent up so long that an early revival will not be surprising—the more so that the position of many markets is distinctly promising. To sum up briefly, there is every prospect of a strong movement in *Rhodesian* and *Kaffir Mines*. *Home Rails*, in view of coming favourable dividend announcements in the second half of January, are bound to improve. *Rubber shares* are somewhat overshadowed by a boomlet in *Tea shares*, which I should not, however, care to trust too far. The *American market* had better be left alone this year, especially as Wall Street usually is troubled with dear money in the last days of December. *Canadian Pacifics* and *Grand Trunks* look hopeful for next year, provided they do not suffer in sympathy with a spasm in *Yankee Rails*, and *Foreigners*, especially *Russians*, are likely to show strength.

Why Metropolitan Districts Have Risen.

Not so long ago *Metropolitan Districts* were a most discredited group from the investment point of view, but all this is changed. The company is now reaping the reward of the electrification of its system, cheap fares, and frequent trains. For the four months to October 31st there was an increase in net receipts of £4,619, and, assuming that similar results will be shown for the past month and for December, the total net increase for the half-year will be £27,400, besides £8,000 brought in from the previous half-year. Out of this sum, £10,350 is required to make up the full interest on the increased amount of *Guaranteed Stock* now ranking for dividend, and the balance should permit of a distribution of at least 3½ per cent. per annum on the 4½ per cent. *Preference Stock*, while next year if, as is anticipated, the present rate of improvement is maintained, the full dividend-rate should be forthcoming. The stock has lately been steadily absorbed by investors, and has come up to the present level of 86 from 22½ last year, and from 49 this year, but still has some attractions as a speculative investment. Following the movement, *Metropolitan District Ordinary*, the nominal amount of which is £3,305,000, has risen to 26¾, which compares with the lowest price this year of 17⅛, and last year of 13¼; but their prospects of dividend are still *en l'air*.

How Rubber Shares are Affected by the Tea Boom—Ceylon Issues Chiefly Favoured.

The boom in Tea shares has been received in the Rubber market with mixed feelings, and the only shares which have benefited thereby are the *Rubber-cum-Tea* concerns, most of which are located in Ceylon. *Ceylon Props.* have risen to 1 9-16, *Gen. Ceylon* to 3 15-16, *P.P.K.* to 2⅞, *Palmadulla* to 4⅛, *Sapumalkande* to 2⅛, etc. As regards other descriptions there is not much to be said, and the good dividends have so far had but little effect. *Linggis* are at 46s. 3d., *Vallambrosa* 36s. 3d. xd., *Anglo-Malay* 22s. 9d., and so on. The movement in *Malaccas* has petered out again, as I thought it would. Some of the neglected shares, however, deserve attention. Thus, *Jequie* is getting over the enforced inaction due to last year's drought, the advent of rains in its region having recently enabled it to commence tapping on a large scale. The *Madagascar Rubber Co.*, also, seems to have surmounted the initial difficulties connected with its rubber-cleaning machinery, and is now shipping rubber on a steadily increasing scale again. The lower-priced Sumatra rubber shares have been now and then fancied of late, especially *Sumatra Para* and *United Sumatra*, and will doubtless also share in any generally upward movement, whenever that comes about at last. The outlook for 1911 is distinctly favourable, and further forward contracts have been entered into for that year up to 6s. 9d. per lb. Meanwhile, Rubber prices are quiet, but this is due entirely to lack of business for the time being, and not to any weakness in the statistical position. That, on the contrary, is decidedly good, and the stocks of Para rubber, for instance, are considerably lower now than at this time last year. It is also interesting to note that no further Plantation auctions can be held this year, they not recommencing until January 3rd.

Molesworth Brothers' Rubber Estates, Ltd.

In the general reaction of Rubber companies the above shares have, of course, also suffered severely, and it is, therefore, all the more incumbent upon the directors to furnish the fullest information to the shareholders. At the statutory meeting, held on March 31, the chairman, Viscount Molesworth, made very favourable statements concerning the rubber, tobacco, cocoanuts, etc., grown on the estate, and he also referred to "many possibilities which it was rather too early to define as yet." This, I have reason to state, referred to the great prospects of a trading department, on which an expert report was submitted to the board, and as the company had—and no doubt still has—ample funds in hand, this could have been carried out for the purpose of earning immediate handsome dividends, until profits from rubber and other produce were available. I pressed this point on August 6th, when I made the following remarks:—

> "I think it is about time that the board should make a statement as to whether they have taken any steps to act upon the report from Ceylon which they received, and which suggested an important programme of lucrative business entirely apart from the rubber plantations. As there is a very large surplus cash capital available for the purpose, the board ought now to take their shareholders into their confidence and to explain to what use they are putting the same."

I regret to say that this appeal had no effect, but as I understand that one of the directors has recently returned from a special visit to Ceylon, I now again call upon the board to communicate with the shareholders. Even if they did not at the time take steps to follow up the expert report, they may have done so since, nor is it probably too late now, but it is absolutely necessary, in view of the misconstruction which is being placed upon their silence, that they should at once speak out.

The Kaffir Dividends—A Very Encouraging Showing.

In the case of the producing Transvaal companies, it is, after all, chiefly a question of the maintenance, or increase or decrease of the dividends, and the distributions for the second half of 1910 are now being announced. This test, however, should be applied by all those who are looking upon Kaffir shares from the investment point of view, and the following table shows the announcements which have so far been made, together with the dividends paid for the first half of the present year, and for the first and second half of 1909, so that it is easy to make the comparison:—

| | Dividend Per Cent. 1909. 1st Half | 2nd Half | Dividend Per Cent. 1910. 1st Half | 2nd Half |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| City and Suburban (£4) | — | 5 | — | 5 |
| Durban Roodepoort | 20 | 35 | 20 | 35 |
| East Rand Proprietary | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| Ferreira | 350 (a) | 250 (b) | 250 | 250 |
| Jumpers | 10 | 15 | 15 | 25 |
| New Heriot | 40 | 40 | 40 | 40 |
| New Modderfontein (£4) | 7½ | 5 | 7½ | 10 |
| Robinson Gold (£5) | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 |
| Wolhuter (£4) | — | 5 | — | 10 |
| Ferreira Deep | 25 | 27½ | 27½ | 27½ |
| Durban Roodepoort Deep | 10 | 5 | 5 | 7½ |
| Nourse Mines | 12½ | 12½ | 12½ | 10 |
| Village Deep | 7½ | 7½ | 5 | 5 |
| Cons. Goldfields of S.A. | 10 | 25 | 10 | 25 |
| Gold Mines Invest. | 5 | 5 | 5 | 15 |
| Cons. Main Reef | — | 7½ (c) | — | 5 |
| Geldenhuis Deep | 17½ | 17½ | 17½ | 17½ |
| Knight's Deep | 20 | 20 | 15 | 15 |
| Main Reef West | 12½ | 12½ | 12½ | 12½ |
| Robinson Deep | 22½ | 12½ | 15 | 12½ |
| Rose Deep | 25 | 25 | 20 | 20 |
| Simmer and Jack | 12½ | 10 | 7½ | 10 |
| Van Ryn | 22½ | 22½ | 20 | 22½ |
| Village Main Reef | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 |
| Witwatersrand Deep | 30 | 25 | 25 | 25 |
| Princess Estate | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| May Consolidated | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| New Goch | — | 10 | 7½ | 7½ |
| Meyer and Charlton | 25 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| Randfontein South | — | 10 | 7½ | 7½ |
| Langlaagte Estate | 10 | 15 | 15 | 15 |

(a)—including 200 per cent. bonus. (b)—including 100 per cent. bonus.
(c)—for whole year.

It will be seen that in many instances the distributions are absolutely maintained. Increases are shown in the case of *Jumpers, New Modderfontein, Wolhuter, Durban Roodepoort Deep, Gold Mines Investment, Randfontein South*, and *Langlaagte Estate*. At all events, this is the first year in which the *Langlaagte Estate* has paid 30 per cent., which is an excellent result, and makes the shares look very cheap at the present price of 2½. Another share of the same group, the *Randfontein Central*, is now about to commence crushing. In fact, Sir Joseph Robinson will, in the course of this month, open the mine officially. It has the largest reduction plant of any on the Rand, and it is expected to pay

at least a 30 per cent. dividend, the present price being 2¾ only. The *Randfontein South* has paid 15 per cent. for the current year, but it would be disappointing if it did not pay more, after the important unification which has been carried out, although, after all, the mines now comprised in the *Randfontein South* used to pay only 10 per cent. There are a few other mines included in the above table which have slightly reduced their dividends, but this is, in some instances, due to exceptional circumstances. For instance, the *Rose Deep* pays now 20 per cent., because it has taken over the *Glen Deep*. The *Goldfields* dividend remains remarkably steady, and altogether the outlook for 1911 in the Kaffir Circus is distinctly favourable. It would, indeed, be surprising if we were not to have some active upward movement early next year. With yields of from 8 to 12 per cent. per annum, reckoning fair lengths of life, the Kaffir Circus certainly provides many attractions, the more so as many new mines will enter the producing stage during 1911.

### Oil Shares Still Under the War-Cloud—Spies Fluctuate—Lobitos Weak.

The war-cloud in the oil industry still keeps this department in check, and prevents it from responding to the favourable developments on the different fields, as well as to the increased use of oil-fuel in various important industries. When negotiations commence for ending the suicidal struggle, a recovery is probable; but it is weary work waiting. Meantime, *Shell Transports* hover in the neighbourhood of 8os., and the company is able to find time to devote to the further development of its interest in Roumania and Egypt. But Amsterdam takes a more serious view of the oil war and its ultimate effects than London, and has consequently been selling the shares, Shell Transports and of other companies chiefly concerned, on every opportunity. *Spies* are fluctuating at something under 27s. 9d., pending details of the new issue; while the rise in *Lobitos* has petered out, the shares being down at 26s. 6d. There is nothing whatever doing in the *Maikop group*, apart from a little support for *Black Sea Prefs.* at 1½, but I anticipate a strong revival in the leading *Maikop shares* as soon as the pipeline is completed. The various other sections of the market are as dead as the proverbial door-nail. *Oil Development Trust shares* have been quiet at 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d., but I hear that some important development is imminent. The current issue of the *Autocar* contains an interesting report by Mr. R. W. A. Brewer based on tests specially conducted for my contemporary on the process for *Solidifying Petrol*, to which I referred the other day. These tests appear to have been successful, but the proofs of actual use have yet to come. The shares in a syndicate that has been formed are, I notice, quoted 1¾ per £1 share.

### Prestea Mines.

I have received a great many communications on last week's remarks from holders of these shares, assuring me of their support should the attempt really be made to force an inadequate arrangement with the *Prestea Block "A"* opposed to the spirit of the existing agreement. It will be advisable now to await official communications.

### Rhodesian Railway Debentures—The Progress of Rhodesia.

A word is due as to the remarkable progress of the railways of Rhodesia for the year ended September 30th, 1910. The net earnings of these lines and of the *Mashonaland Railway* were £697,933, as compared with £470,950 for 1908-9, and £316,719 for 1907-8—truly remarkable increases. While in the year 1907-8 the nett earnings were only equal to about 60.8 per cent. of the debenture interest, they reached for 1909-10 126.4 par cent., so that the *Chartered Company* is relieved of its guarantees of such interest, and the status of the various securities is strengthened to a corresponding extent. The following table will prove useful to my readers :—

| Mortgage. | Interest. p.c. | Quotation. | Yield p. per ann. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beira Debs. | 4½ | 103 | £4 7 6 |
| Mashonaland First Mt. | 5 | 93 | 5 8 0 |
| ,, Guar. Debs. | 5 | 104 | 4 16 6 |
| Rho. Rys. 1st Mort. Debs. | 5 | 101½ | 4 18 0 |
| ,, ,, Guar. Debs. | 4 | 83 | 4 11 |

It should not be long now ere *Beira Six per Cent. Income Debentures* enter the dividend list, in anticipation of which the quotation has risen to 80. As a speculative lock-up, *Beira Railway* shares at 1⅛, and *Rhodesia Railways Trust* at about ⅞, are worth attention, and a good many people still fancy *Beira Junction* 5s. shares at 10s. The rapid construction of the Cape-Cairo system is, of course, of considerable importance to the various Rhodesian railway lines, and the traffic resulting therefrom should enable them to continue to improve their position.

### Speculation in Argentine Land Shares—A Word of Warning.

A very fair speculative account has been piled up in Argentine Land shares, and the speculators were greatly disappointed by the sudden fall which has taken place during the past week. It is true that it is urged that the effects of the 1908-9 drought have lasted longer than had been anticipated, but it is also maintained that the position is improving. It will, however, be useful to scan the following comparative list of prices, as some of the falls are indeed very heavy :—

| | Shares £ | Highest 1909-10. | Dec. 12th Lowest. | Present prices. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Arg. Ld. & Invest. | 1-10s. pd. | 9s. 6d. | 8s. 6d. | 8s. 9d |
| Arg. Northern Land | 1 | 41s. 3d. | 24s. 6d. | 25s. |
| Arg. Southern Land | 1 | 4 15-16 | 2½ | 2½ |
| Rio Negro | 1 | 34s. | 1 | 1 3-16 |
| Santa Fe & Cor. G.B. | 1 | 5 5-16 | 4½ xd | 4½ xd. |
| Santa Fé Land | 1 | 2½ | 2¼ | 2 9-32 |

What is in favour, for instance, of the *Santa Fé and Cordova Great Southern Company*, is that it is paying 20 per cent. dividend for 1909-10, as against 17½ per cent. for 1908-9, while the *Santa Fé Land Company* pays 12½ per cent., against 11½ per cent. On the other hand, the *Argentine Southern Land* pays only 5 per cent., to which the distribution has been reduced from 10 per cent. Much must naturally depend upon the crops and the profits from stock, although the pastures are stated to be in good condition. On this point, the fact that the Argentine Government is now permitting the export of cattle, provided these are in fit condition, is encouraging, but in cases like the present, where the investor must depend upon the weather and the crops, it is obvious that it would be very foolish to pay high prices for the shares, and that is precisely what, unfortunately, a good many investors have been doing.

### Premier Rinks, Ltd.

It must be a severe disappointment to holders of shares in the *Premier Rinks, Ltd.*, to receive the directors' report for the year ended June 30th, 1910, which shows the net trading loss for the year as £13,846. The report also mentions that there have been drastic and important changes in the directorate since the period covered by the balance-sheet, which resulted in a considerable reduction in working expenses, but this seems to be the first intimation that the shareholders have had of any change in the directorate. The present board of directors consists of Mr. D. George Collins and Mr. Marcus Spurway, elected at the commencement of July, 1910, while Mr. F. M. Thompson was elected July 6th, 1909, and Mr. A. Staddon elected November 26th, 1909. One cannot help asking why it took so long to inform the shareholders of these momentous changes. The name of Alderman Thompson, J.P., no doubt attracted many people to subscribe for these highly-speculative rink shares. Where, then, is the old board of directors, and the managing director and secretary, and what has been the reason of this great change, and of the heavy loss? Shareholders will do well to attend the meeting which will be held at noon to-day (Thursday, the 22nd inst.), at the Holborn Viaduct Hotel, and to exact a complete explanation of the situation, especially on the point why the company paid a dividend of 30 per cent. for December, 1909, and then finishes up by making a loss from that time to June 30th of £13,846.

### Coronation Syndicates.

History repeats itself! At the time of the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, Coronation Syndicates galore were started, but not quite so early as the Coronation Syndicate which Messrs Albrecht and Co., of 2, Thames Chambers, Adelphi, London, W.C., are now forming. They describe it as "a safe medium for making a substantial profit, while the return of capital is assured within, at the outside, seven months." They very frankly say that they have received a broker's commission of 2½ per cent. on all shares placed with them. I do not wish to enter into all the grandiloquent statements made with regard to the rush for seats which is to be expected, or the best sites and seats secured by the Coronation Sites, Ltd., but I would utter a note of warning. The capital of the syndicate is £7,000, divided into 27,900 Preferred Ordinary shares of 5s. each, and 500 Management shares of 1s. each. The Ordinary shares are entitled to a preferential dividend of 15 per cent., the balance of the profits being divided between the holders' and the management shares. Every subscriber for 100 Ordinary 5s. shares (£25) will be entitled to one management share. Quite so, but there are a good many investors still alive who mourn the loss of their money in the old Coronation Syndicates, and anyone who thinks of joining this syndicate should quite understand that it is a most unsafe gamble. The first precaution, I think, should be to ask Messrs. Albrecht and Co. for their bankers' references.

# JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

*(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 5, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

*(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.*

*(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.*

*(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.*

*(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*

**(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.**

SMALL INVESTMENT.—ANXIOUS (Finsbury Park).—(1) No deposit. (2) Western Australian 3½ per cent. Bonds, which are absolutely safe, and can still be bought at about 96 per cent., giving a yield of 3 9-16 per cent. per annum.

VARIOUS (Leeds).—(1) The West Rand Proprietary is still in existence, but the office is at Bettelheim Buildings, Box 661, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (2) The Charterland and General Exploration was formed in its present shape in August, 1909, and the directors' report, just issued, shows a fairly good position. You had better write to the Secretary, Mr. H. W. C. Dermer, 19, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C., and ask him how you stand in the matter. (3) American brewery prospects are said to be improving, and you need not be in a hurry to sell, except, perhaps, on an advance.

LONDON PURE MILK.—ANXIOUS (Denmark Hill).—No information is available with regard to this concern, and the best thing the shareholders can do is to band together for the purpose of obtaining a definite statement from the board. You can get the list of shareholders at Somerset House.

£600 FOR INVESTMENT.—(1) South Metropolitan Gas yield, at present level, 4 7-16 per cent. per annum. A good investment of the kind, but not absolutely "safe." The latter condition is only fulfilled by Home and Colonial Government Bonds, the maximum yield of which is about 3½ per cent. per annum. (2) Yield 3½ per cent. per annum; quite safe.

SOCIETY.—E. H.—In view of latest developments, it would be advisable for you to save your money until you obtain a sufficient amount to pay a deposit, and obtain the rest on ordinary mortgage.

RUBBERS, OILS, ETC.—W. J. G.—You should get rid of all these shares as soon as you can, and it is absurd for you to say that you put your money into such concerns because you thought it was better than placing it with a bank. Some of the shares in question are not even quoted.

CAN. PACS.—J. G. B.—You are entitled to the dividend, which was 2 dols. per share, and was deducted from the price on the 30th ult.

HOME RAILS.—G. W. P.—Midland Railway Preferred, Brighton Railway Preferred, Great Northern Preferred, and South-Western Preferred, should answer your purpose.

CORPORATION LOANS.—B. B. B.—Yes, quite safe; the following is a suitable selection—London County 3 per Cent., at 85½; Birmingham 2½ per Cent., at 72; Bristol 3½ per Cent., at 99; Liverpool 2 1-32 per Cent., at 73.

KAFFIR INVESTMENTS.—MUSWELL.—Divide the money between Randfontein Central and Randfontein South, and you should do very well in them next year. My opinion is as favourable as ever.

SMALL MINES.—C. B.—(1) The New Afrikander is now merged in the Afrikander Proprietary, which is controlled by the Farrar group. Apply to the Anglo-French Exploration Co., Salisbury House, London, E.C., as to how you stand in the matter. (2) As dead as a doornail.

BANK DEPOSITS.—WINKLE.—Quite safe, but, in these days of cheap money, no advantage would be gained by placing the sum in question on deposit. Why not invest it in gilt-edged securities, which are absolutely safe, and yield up to 3½ per cent. per annum?

SHEFFIELD STOCKBROKER.—JUMBO.—You have yourself to blame for allowing yourself to be persuaded to buy shares at such high prices, and I really do not see how you are to get out of the matter, as you have taken the responsibility by authorising the bargains. If you have only had to deal with a managing clerk hitherto, you had better write to the firm representing the matter.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—C. H. H. C.—No, I do not advise going in for the Stock Unions of the outside brokers you mention—the very fact that they boast of making a profit, in their last transaction, of 437½ per cent., should be a warning to you. These people are not, of course, philanthropists. What you require has been forwarded to you. E. J. H. (Clapham Road).—If you had read JOHN BULL regularly, you would have found that a long time ago I warned my readers not to have anything to do with McKinley, Alexander and Co. Now that they have stopped payment, I do not see how I can help you, unless Mr. Charles W. Silverside, accountant, of Terminus Chambers, 6, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., makes any payments. He has promised a statement for a very long time. This should be a warning to you to have nothing to do with such outside brokers. MRS. THRUSH.—I regret that you have not been able to obtain your money from E. Donnithorne and Co., of 36, Gracechurch Street, E.C. It usually happens that outside brokers let you win first, and pay up, and, finally, when you make a larger profit, you may whistle for it. I must leave it to you whether you will try a solicitor. J. R. (Horley).—I do not edit the advertisement columns. I advise dealing only with members of the Stock Exchange. ANXIOUS (Grantham).—(1) Quite correct, as far as that goes. (2) You must be aware of my views regarding outside brokers. H. P. D.—(1 and 2) Not members of the Stock Exchange. (3) I should not be surprised. (4) No; go into the dividend-paying rubber shares, such as those mentioned in reply to other correspondents. A. H. R.—I advise you to have nothing to do with any of the outside brokers, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 mentioned by you. You should deal with firms who are members of the Stock Exchange.

PREMIUM BONDS.—E. O. M. (Holloway).—(1 and 2) You can only ascertain this by employing a respectable firm. I send you the name of a London firm of Foreign Bankers, who are making a speciality of this, and who will obtain the information for you against a small charge. Have nothing to do with the people who sent you the circular. BERKS.—The address of a suitable firm has been forwarded to you, at your request. I do not like the Petroleum shares in question, or the Rubbers. You can do far better in the Maikop Oil division, as well as in the dividend-paying rubber shares; for hints, see my articles. ARIEL.—I do not recommend dealing with these people, as they nearly always charge prices above the market value. I send you the name and address of a respectable London firm, who are making a speciality of this, and will treat you fairly. ROADSY.—I do not recommend this concern either, for the same reasons as mentioned above. I send you, therefore, the name of a firm with whom it is safe to deal, and who will be able to give you any information, and you had better ask them for the particulars you require. The document is returned.

INVESTMENT CONCERN.—M. R. (Brighton).—I always recommend people to buy stocks and shares themselves, and not to go into investment concerns carried on by other people. By carefully posting yourself, you can do better and be quite safe.

LONGEST PLAYING 'PHONE.—J. C. (Bradford).—I cannot possibly recommend you anyone in the City who would take an interest in your musical invention, but if any readers of JOHN BULL should be inclined to do so, on reading this, I will refer them to you. It is not really a financial matter with which I can deal.

DAGGAFONTEIN.—PARTAN.—These shares are worth much more than present price. Hold.

NEW OINTMENT.—WHIMBREL.—You wish me to recommend a respectable capitalist, or syndicate, to bring out what you call a "genuine healing-salve." I am unable to obtain such assistance in the City, but perhaps someone reading this in JOHN BULL may feel inclined to investigate the matter, in which case I will communicate with you.

£2,000 FOR INVESTMENT.—WELLINGTON.—All four stocks mentioned are good of their kind, but as it is advisable not to put all one's eggs into one basket, you might put some of the money into gilt-edged securities, such as the leading Colonial Government bonds, and be satisfied with a little lower yield in return for absolute safety.

FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.—See my remarks to "Wellington," with regard to safety of investments and their yield. You might place a portion of the money into Home Railway stocks, now that all is *couleur de rose* in that department, and the dividend outlook is very bright.

CORNISH MINE.—HAMILTON SOMERSET.—I do not care much for this concern, and you can do far better in, for instance, Kaffirs, on which the half-yearly dividends now being declared are generally very satisfactory. See my article on the subject.

RUBBERS.—VERAX.—Not sufficiently proved yet. You had better go into dividend-payers, such as Anglo-Malay, Linggis, Vallambrosa, United Sumatra, Sumatra Para. ONSPEC.—No; buy yourself instead some of the shares recommended to "Verax" above. H. C. C.; ESSANO, O. P.; PARTON; J. L.—This is altogether twaddle. With the end of the boom in rubbers, all rubber shares have fallen heavily, but the shares mentioned are dealt with in my article, and some information should soon be available.

OILS.—FINLARIG.—I do not like these obscure oil shares, and advise you only to go into those with a free market, such as Black Seas, Anglo-Maikop, Maikop Premier, and Maikop Valley.

SECRETARIAL EMPLOYMENT.—H. J. L.—I know nothing of the person in question, but if the employment offered is lucrative, and it does not entail your having to deposit any money, I do not see why you should not try it.

BEAUFORT MOTOR COMPANY.—FORT (Maidstone).—Thanks for sending the second annual report of the Beaufort Motor Company, but it looks no better, and I hope that the third report, which is due in December, will be an improvement. The document is returned.

MOTOR INVENTION.—BEARING.—Thanks for particulars of your improved Motor Bearing. Unfortunately, I am unable to interest anyone in the same, unless one of the readers of JOHN BULL should, on reading this, feel inclined to investigate the matter. I hold your pattern at your disposal.

PENN WYOMING COPPER COMPANY.—ANXIOUS.—It is quite correct that this company has been boomed outrageously in the early stages of its existence, and that the shareholders have subsequently lost further money by taking Debentures. I really cannot help you in the matter. You should make the men in question, who persuaded you to buy these shares, answerable. There is absolutely no hope to get the money out of the Penn Wyoming Company.

BANKING ACCOUNT.—ADVERTS.—After the manner in which the Birkbeck Bank withstood the recent run, it should be suitable enough for the purpose in question.

RE-INVESTMENT.—F. A.—No; do not re-invest in this concern, but put the money into Home Rails, which are much more progressive from the capital and dividend points of view.

TAR PATENTS SOLIDIFYING AND DISTILLING CO.—LION.—I cannot trace this company at the address in question, and it does not appear in the usual books of reference. Have any other readers had any dealings with this concern, or, in its new guise, as the Patent Block Tar Gaseous Fuel and Asphalte Co.?

*RAILWAY SHARES.—META.—The firm mentioned by you is a firm of outside brokers, with whom you ought not to do business, if you do not wish to lose your money. I am sending you the name of a firm of stockbrokers, members of the Stock Exchange, who will buy the Home Rails for you.

*SMALL INVESTMENT.—A. E. M.—Not even the best managed Society can avoid the effects of increased imposts, and I should advise you to withdraw the money, and invest it in gilt-edged securities. Local Loans are redeemable at the time stated, at par, but, of course, the authorities have the option of renewing the same, which they will doubtless do.

NOTE.—The items marked with an asterisk (*) are answers to correspondents of MRS. BULL, who conformed to the conditions laid down in JOHN BULL.

## INSURANCE REPLIES.

*Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.*

INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY CORPORATION.—RICHARD (Portsmouth).—Have nothing to do with it. R. C. (Faringdon).—We cannot recommend it.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—J. S. (Tunbridge Wells).—It is not particularly good. W. J. S. (Horsham).—We do not think there is any truth in the statement to which you refer. It would, of course, be necessary to pay up the premiums due before you could claim surrender value. NORAX (Shrewsbury).—A good deal would depend upon the terms of transfer. We believe that the position of the company is fairly good. POLO.—Neither of the offices you name is in the front rank, but the second is the better known of the two.

TWO INSURANCES.—J. C. (Kilburn).—There is not much to choose between them. Both are excellent offices. S. R. (Sligo).—See previous answer.

LAW, CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—OLD READER (Bootle).—The answer is in the negative. At a private meeting held last week a resolution was passed in favour of voluntary liquidation under the supervision of the Court.

NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—H. J. W. (Ilford).—It is a little doubtful, but we are inclined to think so.

PROMPT LOANS.—S. D. (Armagh).—We have had complaints as to the delay in arranging loans.

LLOYD'S GUARANTEE.—ALBION (Workingham).—Yes, Lloyd's undertake such risks. Nowadays Lloyd's underwriters write burglary, accident, workmen's compensation, and motor car insurance; in fact, every type of insurance business except long-term life assurances. The security would seem to be very good, and will be better if Lloyd's Bill, which Parliament will be asked to pass next Session, becomes law. We do not recommend underwriters.

FULL PROTECTION.—S. J. B. (Southwell).—We think it doubtful. The position of the company is anything but satisfactory.

POSITION OF SOCIETY.—J. R.—We do not agree with the opinion of your friend, as stated in your letter.

NATIONAL UNITED ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—S. W. (Youghal).—The answer is in the negative.

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—ANXIOUS (Glasgow).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should allow the policy to lapse.

ADELPHI INSURANCE CO.—A. S. (West Hartlepool).—We do not recommend it.

THE EXCELSIOR INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. D. (Glasgow).—We do not recommend it.

HOUSE PURCHASE CERTIFICATE.—G. H. (Tottenham).—We regret that we can be of no assistance to you in the disposal of your Provident Association of London certificate, upon which you have paid £15 12s.

DISPOSAL OF POLICY.—J. (Limerick).—Upon the facts, as you state them, it is pretty clear that the Bank has a lien upon the policy.

TWO COMPANIES.—A. K. A. (Bow).—We are glad that you acted so promptly upon our advice, and so saved your money. Of the two other companies you name, we should prefer the first, a very sound concern.

CLAIM UPON CERTIFICATE.—F. S. V. (Deal).—The company is bound to give you the surrender value of the policy, assuming you have told us all the facts.

BRITISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. B. (Sheffield).—You should do it through an Insurance Broker.

# IMPRESSIVE FACTS.

THE potential power of a pound would prove a revelation to many readers. A very large section of the public is fixed in the belief that only big sums count in money making. They fail to realise that their few pounds possess the same magic power of becoming hundreds, as the big financiers' thousands become hundreds of thousands. Yet that is precisely what is being accomplished by up-to-date business methods. A host of people, men and women in every walk in life are at the moment of writing in the enjoyment of that keenest of pleasures—trebling and quadrupling their little by the process that has hitherto been the exclusive privilege of the wealthy capitalist.

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## HAS PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS £442,680

There is no magic in it. It is simply sound business founded upon a perfected system and operated with keen foresight, judgment and unerring sources of inside information.

### HERE ARE A FEW PAYMENTS TO CLIENTS TAKEN FROM OUR BOOKS AT RANDOM.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J.A.D. ... | 78 | 15 | 0 | J.A.D. ... | 58 | 15 | 0 | G.R.L.W. ... | 82 | 2 | 0 |
| C.L.C. ... | 93 | 14 | 3 | C.L.C. ... | 103 | 4 | 3 | A.R.W. ... | 25 | 7 | 6 |
| J.C.C. ... | 48 | 1 | 9 | J.G.B. ... | 30 | 0 | 0 | Capt. F.H.W. | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| J.G.B. ... | 50 | 0 | 0 | J.C.C. ... | 30 | 0 | 0 | D.L.S. ... | 39 | 0 | 6 |
| W.S.C. ... | 103 | 5 | 0 | T.H. ... | 62 | 14 | 0 | J.S. ... | 27 | 7 | 2 |
| W.B.C. ... | 71 | 0 | 0 | A.O. ... | 50 | 0 | 0 | F.H.W. ... | 34 | 10 | 0 |
| G.G. ... | 46 | 0 | 0 | W.G.O. ... | 55 | 0 | 0 | A.T. ... | 40 | 0 | 0 |
| J.E.H. ... | 73 | 19 | 6 | H.E.N. ... | 125 | 0 | 0 | J.A.W. ... | 121 | 10 | 0 |
| E.F. ... | 106 | 5 | 0 | J.A.D. ... | 182 | 10 | 0 | A.W. ... | 42 | 1 | 0 |
| H.E.H. ... | 60 | 14 | 6 | J.C.C. ... | 24 | 0 | 0 | J.A.D. ... | 46 | 0 | 0 |

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**To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange,**
**GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £500,000 to clients.

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ADDRESS IN FULL _____

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## THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By Allan Sutor.

### THE ELECTION.

No matter what Government is in power, the interests of soldiers and sailors are certain to be neglected. The reason is only too obvious. In the first place, neither the Army nor the Navy has any direct political influence. In the second place, party political hacks find it polite to pretend that readiness for war is no longer one of the conditions of national existence. So far as politicians are concerned, war has ceased to be a reality: the only real thing is politics. Political reality is represented by a comfortable cocksure resolve to abolish the poverty or misery of other people. This is skilfully combined with a stupid, stolid, heartless blindness to the increasing prevalence not only of poverty, but of every other kind of moral and social evil. If evidence as to the honesty of the aims and ideals of politicians were required, it would be provided by their earnest cost-nothing convictions that peace—the great God-like gift of the peace that passes all understanding—is attained by the expression of a perfect willingness to enjoy all its blessings and to forget all its duties and responsibilities. And just as in the last dying stages of a sick man's life pure oxygen is often necessary to flicker the last flame of life, so to-day the language of war—with its strong similes and magnificent metaphors—is ransacked and requisitioned in order to introduce a faint touch of red reality into the snow-white, blameless mockery of political life. No blush mantles the brow of the politician who, having reached a haven of personal safety carried on the backs of sturdy supporters, bravely descants to them on the subject of leaving his happy home to fight political battles against poverty, disease, and crime. A soldier never thinks of the consequences to himself: a politician is always talking about the consequences to others.

#### What Haldane Has Done!

For the sake of a counterfeit economy the regular army was reduced by 34,000 men. 21,000 men were removed at one wrench. These were seasoned troops, many of whom had seen service. As against this loss, a skeleton force has been inaugurated so destitute even of flesh and blood that it is 40,000 under strength, and 33 per cent. of the whole have never fired a shot. All this happened, too, not to introduce efficiency, but to win a vile impecunious popularity for the War Minister. Here are a few pertinent questions. Why was the serving man's service pay annulled or "proficiency" pay introduced at lower rates? Why has the word "pension" been expunged from recruiting circulars? Why is it that the recognised roll of wandering wastrels or vagrant vandals contains 33 per cent. British soldiers who have served their country so well that 70 per cent. of them are entitled to wear medals and decorations for exposing their bodies to the fire and sword of their country's enemies? Why is it that a man who surrendered an armoured train to a fourth his own number in South Africa has been promoted steadily ever since? Why is it that General Sir Ian Hamilton receives £5,000 a year to go and do nothing at Malta? Why is it that the late Member of Parliament for Woolwich publicly and pointedly stated that he had no hesitation in saying that "the present Army Council is the most incompetent and corrupt body in the whole of our administration." Why was Kitchener sent to the Himalayas? Why, my readers, why?

#### Territorial Stocktaking.

A day or two ago, the Territorial drill hall at Chatham was the scene of terrific firing. There were three men engaged. All were busy firing blank ammunition. The barrels of their rifles became so hot that they had occasionally to be placed on the ground to allow them to cool before firing could be re-commenced. The firing lasted two hours, many rounds of ammunition being got rid of. A gentleman writes to enquire the meaning of it. Personally I should say the Territorials were having a busy day stocktaking!

#### Army Council On the Move!

It is a well known fact that less space is allowed to soldiers and their wives and children on board Government transports than is accorded to ordinary emigrants. The men told off to look after the cattle and sheep are envied, because they can lie down with the animals. There is little difference between the hardships to be endured now and those which prevailed fifty years ago. It is in these circumstances that one hears the Army Council are now going to institute an "enquiry." There is a sublime form of ignorance which is the essence of intelligence.

#### Our Drummer Boys.

These boys, many of whom are the sons of soldiers, enlist when about 14 years of age. They are incorporated in a battalion of infantry. As a battalion consists of 800 or 900 able-bodied men, the drummer boys are invariably lost sight of. This happens when they are well behaved. It happens also when they are wicked and troublesome. When they are in trouble, the boys do not mind being completely forgotten. What, however, they have to complain about is that they are neglected and ignored without any good reason. It is true, that a drum major is appointed to instruct the boys in music. But as the drum-major is only required to march ornamentally at the head of his battalion, with his chest well out, his knowledge of music is generally remarkably little. Even when his knowledge is good, however, he is not given the necessary scope to unfold his powers. His subordinate rank debars him from enforcing his own ideas: he must instruct according to methods invented by those in command, whose sole qualification is that they know less about the true nature of his work than he does himself. The fact is, that our drummer lads do not receive thorough instruction in music during their twelve years' service. Instead, they are provided with an enormous amount of clothing and equipment for which they have no practical use, and which in many cases becomes spoilt to such an extent that they are continually in debt through having to pay for the damage. As the drummers are only allowed five N.C.O.'s, promotion is limited to the few. It comes seldom, and when it does come, it can never be high as the topmost rung of the drummer's ladder is the rank of drum-major. A remedy might be found by giving them every facility to transfer to the combatant ranks. As a matter of fact, this is allowed, but only in exceptional cases. When an opportunity does occur, if the drummer is a useful fellow, the drum-major naturally sticks to him. The drummer's life is not therefore a particularly happy one. Now the Government takes these boys for the best years of their lives. In return, the boys are absolutely ruined. The first mistake is to send them so young to live among grown-up men. They ought to be sent to a boys' training depot until they reach the age of 17. They ought also to be provided with first-class instructors. Perhaps if this were done, no one would be able to say, "Once a drummer, never a man."

## NATIONAL CASH REGISTERS.

### A COMPREHENSIVE ACTION.

We learn from the American papers that the National Cash Register Co., of America, have filed a Bill in the Common Pleas Court of Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A., alleging conspiracy against the Attorney-General of the State of Michigan, U.S.A., Attorney-General of Ohio, Mr. H. F. James, District Manager of the American Cash Register Co., C. J. Heine, General Manager of the American Cash Register Co., D. W. Saxe, General Manager of the American Cash Register Co. in England, Hugh Chalmers, formerly General Manager of the National Cash Register Co. in America, the National Cash Register Users' Protective Association of England, and John Bull, an "English publication." The Bill charges a conspiracy on the part of all the above-named to destroy the National Cash Register Co., of America, and they applied to the Court for an injunction restraining the Solicitors for the Attorney-General of Michigan and a notary public from taking certain depositions which are being taken in proceedings against the National Cash Register Co., of America, by the two Attorney-Generals of the States of Michigan and Ohio.

The National Cash Register Co. were represented by sixteen Counsel, but their application was refused.

We have not the remotest idea what it is all about, never having been served with any process by the American Company.

Meanwhile, we are awaiting the trial of the action which the English Company has brought against us for libel.

# A WONDER OF OUR PRESENT-DAY CIVILISATION.

## HOW DID PAST AGES LIVE?

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder how past ages managed without the many marvels that are daily used for the benefit of present-day civilisation? Although motor omnibuses have only been running some few years, and tubes are practically quite modern, the present-day Londoner uses them as if he were born to have these comforts of transport at his finger-tips. The quite young man can easily remember the time when the horse 'bus was the only moderately-priced method of locomotion. Of course, the District Railway has been in existence for many years, but you do not always want to go to the various stations on its circle. London is such a large place that before the tube era a day could quite easily be spent in making only a few journeys. Nowadays, across London, for instance, from Finsbury Park to Hammersmith, is a matter of, comparatively speaking, only minutes. And, again, suppose you want a modest evening's amusement. For a shilling or eighteenpence you may have a comfortable armchair at a handsome music-hall. In past days there were halls, but few and far between, and the show given was, when compared with present-time standards, moderate in the extreme.

Again, look at literature. Look at what was supplied to you in bygone times for threepence, and even sixpence. Quality fair, but not much reading. Now—well, JOHN BULL costs one penny. 'Nuff said!

Why, do you know that not so very long ago the cheapest suit made was six guineas?—and other articles of clothing were expensive in proportion. We have no records to help us, but we suppose, drawing a logical conclusion, on comparing incomes earned and prices charged, only the rich man wore anything. However, on this point we may be wrong.

It was the same with everything. While salaries were certainly higher, the prices of goods of all descriptions were very much greater in proportion. Take one great necessity—furniture. Eighty or ninety years ago furniture was at an impossible price, so far as the average man was concerned, and not only was the price so great, but there was practically no system of credit to cope with these huge prices. If a purchaser did not happen to have the ready money for the full amount required, he had to have either inferior goods or else simply buy what he could pay for, and have the rest when he had saved up the rest of the cash. What an unsatisfactory state of affairs.

About sixty years ago there was a complete revolution in this style of trading.

A business started—in quite a small way then, mind you, although to-day it is probably the largest of its kind in the whole of the world. Now the speciality of this house was to sell furniture—high-class furniture, and not rubbish—on a system that allowed of the purchaser having delivery of the whole of his requirements at once, and paying the account by degrees. This system is still in operation. Simplicity is its keynote. Allow us to explain.

The purchaser selects what he requires. Should he wish to pay cash, he is entitled to a discount of 5 per cent. However, should he prefer to take advantage of the extended terms, the payments are divided over one, two, or three years, without any interest or extra charge whatsoever. No deposit is required.

You would like to know the name and address of the firm, eh? Well, we will tell you. The Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd., of 15, 17, 19, 21, and 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C. You should write to them for their illustrated guide and catalogue; they will be only too pleased to send it to you post free.

The firm shows a wonderful series of furnished flats and specimen rooms. These flats are priced at £50, £100, £250, £500, and £1,000 complete, fitted and furnished, while the specimen rooms are from £10 to £300. A visit of inspection will be enough to turn a possible customer into a certain buyer. What better recommendation could a firm desire?

Of course, everyone knows that the "Midland" is justly celebrated for its exquisite reproductions from the antique. They make a speciality of this style of furniture. They must have a marvellous method of polishing their reproductions, for, when finished, we defy an expert to tell the difference between the moderately-priced modern copies and the wonderful examples of the old masters that these copies are all taken from. The first time you visit the firm ask to see their reproductions. They are unique.

Should you also be requiring second-hand furniture, you will find the department set aside for that class of goods the finest in London. Their second-hand furniture is genuinely second-hand, and not so-called second-hand.

Should you live in the country but prefer to come to town and select personally, the firm pays your fare on a purchase of £30 worth and upwards. Country orders are packed free and carriage paid.

However, whether you write, 'phone, or call, don't forget to say JOHN BULL sent you. You are sure to see something to suit your requirements, for the firm holds the largest stock in London.

## HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

### AFTERTHOUGHTS UPON A NIGHTMARE.

By Richard Morton.

It was only a few short weeks—or days—ago, that certain politicians dreamed a dream, and straightway imagined that all other party-mongers would help them to make their vision come true. Their dream was of Home Rule all round, equal rights of government for Ireland (Ireland must come first, of course), Wales (perhaps Wales really ought to stand first, but I can't help it now), Scotland (a good second to either) and, last, but certainly least, England.

But it was all too deliciously airy a fabric to last. Nobody liked it, everybody girded at it, all parties disowned it, and the John o' Dreams who had first set it on paper tore it up in affright and said it was only a nightmare after all. It was reserved for me to follow it to its logical conclusion, as far as one dared follow, and to interpret the dream like another Joseph.

What I saw was this. If Ireland was to govern herself, and Wales *ditto*, and Scotland *ditto*, then, naturally, it was a case of England *ditto*. That was when the fat first fell in the fire, for an England with self-government had never entered into anybody's calculations except mine.

I pictured Ireland, contented, happy, and no more distressful, with John Redmond as Premier of the Irish Parliament. T. P. O'Connor would be Minister of Education and Head of the Publication Department, with his own weekly and monthly samples of intellectual journalism properly planted in their native soil. One wonders how Fleet Street would survive the shock. William O'Brien would be Leader of the Opposition, with Timothy Michael Healy by his side, casting his eye on the Bench, thinking how imposing he would appear as Lord Chief Baron.

I turned my eyes to Scotland, and it was amazing to note the number of prominent politicians tramping back on the road they never expected to see again. I thought at first that half the late Asquith Government was making the journey, but I soon saw that some of them were turning towards Wales, but Mr. Balfour was undertaking the pilgrimage, and by his side walked Mr. Ure, with Haldane, Keir Hardie, and Bonar Law bringing up the rear. It was a curious combination, and I feared for Scotland until I noticed that Harry Lauder was not far behind, and then I knew that all would make for harmony.

I have omitted to mention that a cloud of dust was raised by the journalists, editors of English newspapers, who were going home. Quite fifty per cent. of London editors were stern and wild at the idea of being banished to their own Caledonia. Forty-nine per cent. had already taken the Holyhead boat for Ireland. There were but two of all the original number remaining in London, the only English editors of them all.

To Wales went, of course, Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister, and great was the joy thereat in Mayfair. Quite a number of understrappers went with him, and there was a big hole made in administrative circles. Yet everybody seemed mightily relieved. The point where the dream really became a nightmare appeared to be just when all the Joneses started to leave England. It was unthinkable.

And then I looked on England, the deserted land. Asquith was left, and Lulu Harcourt, and John Burns, and Lord Lansdowne; also there remained Winston Churchill, Will Crooks, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Victor Grayson, Austen Chamberlain, Robert Blatchford, and George R. Sims. It was a glorious company.

Every prospect pleased, I wondered why the old style of political warfare had lasted so long. I wondered why the dream had been condemned, and had come into the category of nightmares. "England for the English!" I cried.

But there was no answering echo of approval. Instead, I heard a long, low, reverberating growl, a mixture of Irish brogue, Scottish accent, and shrill Welsh piping, blending together in one universal query, "What about our wages?"

And I knew that they were coming back, that the dream was over, that the vision of England for the English was a chimera, and the old land was still to be the milch cow for all comers, as she ever has been, is now, and always will be.


MONEY NEVER COMMANDED SUCH VALUE

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the finest that Scotland can produce.

*AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE TREASURY AND OTHER GOVERNMENT OFFICES*

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In preparing your list of Christmas Gifts, what could be more acceptable to your friends—either business or personal—than to send them some of our Genuine Scotch Whisky? Write us at once with their names and addresses, enclosing remittance for value, and we shall arrange for free delivery before Christmas Eve. Packing Free. Special Terms for large orders.

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## IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

### By WALTER MOORE.

### VI.—THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

When I called upon Mr. Balfour a few days ago I found him looking very depressed. He was lolling limply in his study chair, gazing with unseeing eyes into the fire.

"Cheer up!" I said, seating myself opposite to him.

Turning his head slowly towards me, Mr. Balfour languidly waved his hand in greeting, and relapsed once more into his original world-weary attitude.

"Come, come!" I said briskly, poking the fire and throwing on a shovelful of coals. "Don't give way. Things might be worse."

"Worse!" repeated Mr. Balfour in a hollow voice. "How could they be worse?"

"Not much, I admit," I replied. "But it is a simple and easy form of consolatory speech. What are you going to do now?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," returned Mr. Balfour. "I'm afraid I've played all my cards, and lost every trick."

"Haven't you an ace or two up your sleeve, then?" I asked, somewhat surprised that so subtle an intellect as Mr. Balfour's should confess itself at a stand.

"Believe me," returned the Leader of the Opposition; "I am utterly at a loss. The electorate have completely flummuxed me."

"Then I take it that you entered into the General Election with some hope of success," said I.

"With more than hope—with almost certainty," responded Mr. Balfour in blank verse, and with a blanker expression. "I laid my plans well. I anticipated, as I thought, every contingency. I inaugurated a new system of electioneering, by publishing Conservative manifestoes in the form of advertisements. But *that* fell flat, or excited ridicule and the money might as well have been given to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews."

Mr. Balfour drew forth his handkerchief and pressed it to his eyes. In the presence of such touching grief I felt it incumbent upon me to remain silent.

"Then," continued Mr. Balfour presently, "then I played what I thought would prove my master card. I made my famous pronouncement on the Referendum. I promised that if I were returned to power I would not force Tariff Reform upon the country, but would give the electorate an opportunity to say 'Yes' or 'No' without the trouble, disturbance and expense of a General Election. But the bait was rejected."

"Of course it was," I observed. "It is not possible to give a 'Yes' or 'No' answer to so involved and complicated a question as Tariff Reform."

"I submit that all questions are susceptible to a 'Yes' or 'No' answer," retorted Mr. Balfour curtly.

"Have you left off beating your grandmother?" I inquired innocently.

"Do you come here to jeer?" demanded the Conservative Leader, sitting up.

"No; to cheer," I retorted. "To cheer you with the news that there is a good time coming, when the Radicals cease from troubling, and the Tories are at rest. The present political situation so clearly indicates that the party system of government is played out, that there is every reason to hope that a very few years hence will see the institution of a business system."

"Oh, the party system is all right, so long as the right party is in power," observed Mr. Balfour.

"Meaning?"

"Need you ask?"

"From your point of view; perhaps not. But in my humble opinion even the galaxy of intellect which adorns the front Opposition bench is but a poor substitute for a body of earnest and experienced business men, such as the country is beginning to see the need for."

"Well, to speak quite candidly, although by no means a business man myself, I hope that in the interests of our common country your hopes may be realised."

"What will you do then?" I asked.

"I? Oh, I shall settle down at Whittinghame and play golf."

"That will suit you to a Tee," I retorted, taking my leave.

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is the same tobacco milder, and

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the same but fuller flavoured.

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Cartridges—CHAIRMAN & BOARDMAN'S

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R. J. Lea, Ltd., Manchester.

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## CAR AND GENERAL ASSURANCE CO.

### A SUGGESTIVE RETICENCE.

Three years ago Mr. Louis Hill, of 64, Lebenham Park, Twickenham, effected an insurance with this Company covering fire, burglary and domestic servants. Recently he wished to see a copy of the Company's figures, as deposited with the Board of Trade, before paying further premiums. The figures now to be deposited in accordance with the Act of 1907 give fuller particulars of liabilities and assets than are usually given on the balance-sheet issued to shareholders. The Act also requires that insurance companies shall supply the shareholders and policyholders with a copy of the particulars upon request. Mr. Hill wrote to the Secretary of the Company, under date of October 3, asking him to post "copies of the statement, and so on, of your Corporation supplied to the Board of Trade for the period covered by the last balance-sheet." No answer having been received to that request, Mr. Hill repeated it, and on October 26 he received the following reply:—

> With reference to the above policies, which expire next month, I have to inform you that my Head Office are not prepared to invite renewal.

This naturally surprised Mr. Hill, who is a man who had paid insurance premiums for over fifteen years without making a single claim. He had never made a claim upon the Car and General, which issues policies to-day identical with those he held, and there is, he assures us, no reason why they should decline his business, except that he asked for a statement as to the Company's financial position.

Of course, with the expiration of the policy Mr. Hill would cease to have a right to call for these figures, and as the policy expired in November, he wrote again immediately, pressing strongly for the information demanded, and for which he had a right to ask. He received a reply from the company under date November 17, from which we take the following:—

> We rendered our accounts to the department, and they were returned for certain minor alterations, which have since been made. But the accounts have not yet been formally passed; consequently they are not yet ready for circulation.

Now this statement is not quite accurate. The Board of Trade rejected the figures supplied because, as they said, they were not complete. And, if our information is correct, the Board of Trade is still complaining.

Mr. Hill wanted the figures he asked for because the balance-sheet is a bald affair compared with the return that has to be made to the Board of Trade, which gives particulars of investments and the amount paid on outstanding claims against which the reserve is made.

It would be interesting to know upon what ground the company justifies its refusal to give the information which Mr. Hill asked for, and why they have refused to renew Mr. Hill's policy. Perhaps the secretary will tell us.

## FIGURES IN THE FIRE.

When I was young I'd never tire
  Of drawing up my chair
Before the crackling, dancing fire
  And seeing figures there;
I fear I really was in truth
A very odd, romantic youth.

I'm wiser now than in those days;
  But still, methinks, I see
Some figures in the ruddy blaze
  Which jeer and mock at me;
With awful dread they fill my soul;
Those figures in the bills for coal!

C. V.

## *"Ten Thousand Women for Sale."*

Every "JOHN BULL" reader should secure a copy of this week's "MRS. BULL," containing a thrilling article under the above title. The number also contains the final article on

"THE TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS OF SHOP GIRLS."

**ONE PENNY.**

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We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of JOHN BULL in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, one Pair of Sandow's world-famous Spring Grip Dumb-bells.

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*Please cross out sizes not required.

## OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER AND TREAT TO THE POOR.

As already announced, we intend to give a mighty Christmas treat to the poor—in the name of our readers and those of *Mrs. Bull*, but, on consideration, we have decided that, instead of taking 1,000 or more poor people with their children to a public hall, we will see that they have their dinners, toys, etc., in their own homes. With this object, we are making arrangements with local tradesmen to honour coupons, which we shall distribute, for meat, groceries, etc., whilst the toys and clothing will be disposed of by our workers, as the result of special enquiries into the most deserving cases.

We have headed the list of subscriptions with £50, and have much pleasure in acknowledging the following additional donations:—

The First Dutch Insurance Co.; Ltd. ("Lotisico"), £10 10s.; M. I. G., £2 2s.; "The North British Academy of Arts," £1 1s.; "Employees of K. B. & Co.," 16s.; "A Few Well Wishers," 11s.; Dr. M. S. S., 10s. 6d.; "A. B." (Ryde), 10s.; G. N., 10s.; A. C. C., 10s.; "F. W. and Few Friends," 7s. 9d.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," 5s.; Mrs. R. E., 5s.; M. P., 5s.; Kenneth McK., 5s.; B. L. (Homerton), 5s.; B. St. J. S., 5s.; "Cis and Reg," 4s.; "Molly and Dick," 3s. 6d.; C. V. (Crewe), 3s.; H. J. (Gt. Yarmouth), 2s. 6d.; T. L. (Ventnor), 2s.; J. W. C., 2s.; M. and N. T. (Sedbergh), 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. R., 1s. 6d.; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; H. J. Y., 1s.; F. F., 1s.; P. F., 1s.; "Leeds Loiner," 1s.; "Volta," 1s.; "Constant Reader," 6d.; "A Friend," 6d.; E. T. R., 6d.; E. and J. R., 6d.; William Beattel, Parcel of Clothing and Toys; C. T. H. (Andalus Road), Parcel of Clothing and Toys; N. L. (Eastbourne), Box of Toys; Robert McG., Two Boxes Toys, Clothes, etc.; "Jennie Beattie," Box of Toys; Mr. John E. Walker, Fruit Merchant, Leicester, 700 Oranges.

We again appeal to our readers for help. Money, clothing, toys, boots, fruit, sweets—anything to help to cheer the poor, and their children, at Christmas. We have a large band of willing workers, and we can use, and use well, all that is sent to us.

## THE BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

*(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)*

When a few more Elections are over;
And the floods of invective have dried;
When but half the electors have voted
And the old Party system has died,—
We shall get—and, Faith! how we want it—
A Government shaped to our needs
In place of a series of factions;
Each flaunting its different creeds.

And they who rule then shall be fitted
To take up the guerdon of power;
By the breadth of their knowledge of business;
And their grasp of the needs of the hour.

Maybe they shall labour for money;
Maybe they shall labour for fame
(And who shall say now that it matters
If they add to the old country's name?);
But each shall be tried and be proven—
Each in his separate sphere—
And thus rule the land as it should be;
Through seeing all things AS THEY ARE.

F. D. SANSOM.

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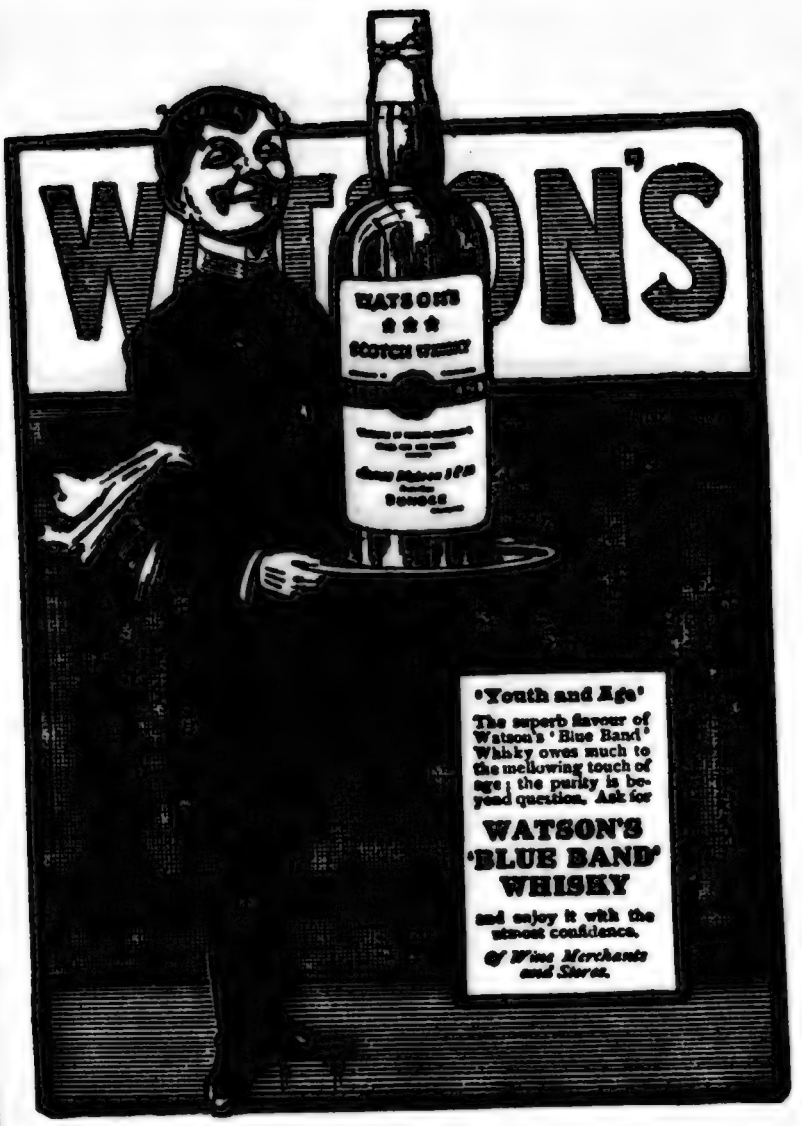
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## THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Princess Clementina."

H. B. Irving has galloped home a winner this time! There can be no doubt whatsoever as to his really magnificent performance in the new four-act play, "The Princess Clementina," at the Queen's Theatre.

With a brilliant onrush, H. B. has at last fairly and squarely won the race for fame. The destiny of this intellectual "'Varsity" actor has trembled in the balance on more than one occasion, but A. E. Mason—the Dumas of England—has given Irving his chance now, and with the valuable assistance of George Pleydell, Mr. Mason's popular novel, "Clementina," has been turned into a splendid melodrama, reminiscent of "The Three Musketeers," and, consequently, overflowing with deeds of "derring-do." One man to four fights—rope ladder escapes—a shadow of the wicked designing "Miladi" in the form of Lady Featherston—and, above all, the central figure of "D'Artagnan" and his three musketeers—beg pardon, I mean "Wogan" and his three soldier comrades.

Mr. Mason has not even forgotten the old horse; but in place of "D'Artagnan's" *yellow* steed, he has given "Wogan" a black one. Then there is a wily Cardinal, too—not quite so oily and crafty as Dumas made him, but still he is there; and Wogan, instead of risking his life for the beautiful Queen of Austria—sacrifices himself for his King's sake. The pity of it is, though, that he reaps no reward for his heroic efforts.

But don't think for a moment that "The Princess Clementina" fails to possess merit, because its author is steeped to the neck in the gloriously exciting works of Dumas; and that the drama is less interesting because the Englishman has founded his style on that of the eminent French author. Not a bit of it. The wild madness of fanatical fervour burns with equal strength in the heart of "Wogan" as it did in that of "D'Artagnan," and gives to H. B. Irving the opportunity he has been waiting in patience for so long.

There is no weakness or indecision in the handling of Mr. Mason's character. Mr. Irving attacks it superbly, and never falters for one instant. He holds his spectators spell-bound, and brings out every point with a quiet, latent power at one moment, and with the trumpet-call of defiance the next.

Miss Stella Patrick Campbell—the half-Italian, half-Spanish, but wholly lovely-looking young lady who plays "The Princess Clementina"—appeals to me strangely. Not by reason of her being a model actress, or even an inspired one, but through her absolute earnestness, her sincerity, her exquisite girlishness and simplicity. Stella Patrick Campbell feels every word she utters, and it is not her youthful fault if she steps bang out of the picture and speaks her lines to the gallery. The stage-manager, or producer should have corrected this error. Such a mistake could not have happened in theatres where Charles Wyndham, John Hare, George Alexander, and men experienced in the art of production sit in the front of the house and watch part of the rehearsals. Miss Campbell is not to blame in the least. She is young and needs teaching, that is all. Girls and boys cannot be expected to walk into the theatre and win dramatic halos without working for them; there must be a ruck in the rose-leaves sometimes, just the same as a child is not supposed to know everything before it goes to school, otherwise why is it sent there?

As "Jenny," the uncouth maid who, unfortunately, only appears in one short scene, Miss Dorothea Baird's acting comes as a genuine surprise, and I started ruminating immediately as to the possibilities of her "Audrey."

For the time being, however, everybody is more than satisfied with the charming "Princess Clementina," and the management at the Queen's Theatre, the authors, and the artists are all in for a good thing. The play is a success! *Voila tout!*

Arthur Wing Pinero's New Play.

I say, what an extraordinary title Pinero has chosen for his new comic play. "Preserving Mr. Panmure"! It sounds like making jam of him, doesn't it—or is he only a mummy? I am glad Sir Arthur has returned to his first love, "comedy," again; he will always be remembered better by "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," "The Times," and that gem of a story, "Sweet Lavender," than by his later works, such as "The Thunderbolt," "His House in Order," "The Profligate," "The Wife Without a Smile,"—not forgetting that peevish bundle of inconsistency, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

### MR. MALLABY-DEELEY, M.P.

In our issue of last week a correspondent alluded to the number of Jew candidates for Parliament, and in giving a list of some of the more prominent, included Mr. Mallaby-Deeley. We regret that this gentleman's name was mentioned, as it is an entire mistake to say that the member for Harrow is a Jew or includes in a long descent any member of the Jewish faith. We are not suggesting that if it had been otherwise Mr. Mallaby-Deeley would have been any the worse for it; we are only dealing with the fact.

## The John Bull League.

### BRANCH REPORTS.

Sheffield.—Despite the inclement weather, a large audience assembled in the Cutlers' Hall on Friday last, when the Branch held its second meeting. Dr. R. H. Wilson presided. The Great Concert Pathéphone, operated by Mr. Herbert Smith, pleasantly beguiled the period of waiting until the proceedings commenced with the singing of the League Song in capital style by Mr. E. H. Thomas, who was heartly applauded. Mr. Farron Sumner, the well-known local baritone, brought down the house with his rendering of "Blow, Blow, thou Winter's Wind," a singularly appropriate item for such a tempestuous night, and in response to the continued applause he sang "The Village Blacksmith." The Chairman having apologised for the unavoidable absence of the John Bull League Quartette, Mr. E. H. Thomas was heartily applauded for his song, "I Wonder if you Miss Me Sometimes." Mr. E. Davis concluded the musical part of the programme by singing "Your Eyes have Told Me So." Mention must also be made of Mr. W. J. Parker, who proved a very able accompanist. The Chairman, having briefly explained the aims and objects of the League, then introduced Ex-Lieutenant Allan Sutor, who on rising received a very hearty reception. He dealt with the necessity for Army Reform, his striking illustrations being received with frequent applause. His references to the Territorials were apparently much appreciated by a large number of members of the local force, who were busily engaged taking notes, and who heartily endorsed Mr. Sutor's exposure of the obsolete character of the Territorials' guns and equipment. He dealt at some length with the effect of the present system of training, and complained that it tended to reduce the officers to the intellectual level of automatic machines, and that adequate opportunities were not afforded to them to make themselves efficient. His speech was punctuated by frequent and hearty applause. A vote of thanks to Mr. Sutor, proposed by Mr. Allen and seconded by Mr. B. H. Tubbs, brought the proceedings to a close.

Leeds.—The first public meeting and concert of this Branch was held in the Lees Hall, Nelson Street, Vicar Lane, on Thursday, December 15th, when Mr. W. B. Russell presided over a capital attendance. Prior to the Concert, selections were given on the Zonophone, operated by Mr. E. Walton. Mr. Fred Bucknall was heard to great advantage in the John Bull League Song, for which he was heartily applauded. Later in the evening he sang "The Old Shako" in splendid style. Mr. Chas. Byron delighted the company with his humorous character sketches, and Mr. Harry Burley met with much success in "The Cradle Song" and "The Rebel Song." Mr. Measor Granville, who appeared at the recent Manchester concert, scored heavily with his dramatic recital of "Napoleon's Tomb," and in response to an enthusiastic demand for an encore he gave "The Face on the Bar Room Floor." Mr. Jack Allerton was immensely popular, his four humorous songs being received with tremendous applause. The Chairman then addressed the meeting, and in a capital speech dealt with the objects of the League, and pointed out the necessity for a strong branch in Leeds to keep an eye upon local administration, which he severely criticised. The concert concluded with an entertaining exhibition of sleight of hand and card manipulation by Mr. Carl Rozello, who has just returned from the Far East. Mr. H. S. Harrison proved an able accompanist. It is gratifying to learn that the result of the first meeting of the Branch has been the enrolling of a great number of new members.

Leicester.—A most enjoyable evening was also spent on Thursday of last week at Winn's Café. A short whist drive was followed by a supper, when nearly 200 people sat down. The Local Chairman, Mr. W. McAllister Hewlings, presided, and delivered a short address on the objects of the League.

*For Membership Coupon see page iii. of Cover.)*

### THE BOGUS "JOHN BULL FINE ART COMPANY."

With reference to the warning we recently issued against "The John Bull Fine Art Company, of Leeds and London,"—which falsely represented itself to be in some way connected with this journal and upon the strength of such assertion was obtaining orders for the enlarging of photographs and the supply of frames—we notice that the person working this fraud—Israel Israeli, *alias* Sydney Norton—was the other day fined by the Sheriff at Lanark £3 3s., with the option of thirty days' in default, for not supplying goods paid for. We wonder whether Israeli's own portait is now in the Rogues' Gallery.

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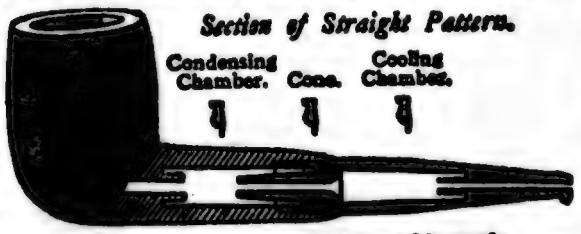


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# PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

FOR MEN OF TASTE.

## BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Will the Lords "foot" the Veto Bill?
Where will the "peace and goodwill" be when Parliament meets again?
Why not call it the Howl-for-Ireland Society?
Isn't "Johnny get your gun" being sung in Ulster?
Does Mr. Carnegie think "pieces" will promote "peace"?
Does William O'Brien prefer his Irish "hot"?
Isn't the "wireless case" a very trying one?
Are the boilermakers better off now they are "on" again?
Is the Agenda Club particular about a gender?
Will there be more than one "prophet" in "Salome"?
Is "hauls" the way some of our big actors and actresses spell it?
Was Mr. Balfour good at Knotting'em?

The Repton boys who raided a Liberal committee-room while polling was in progress had evidently got their "rag" out.

"Girl as Poster," reads an *Express* headline. We do hope she wasn't stuck up.

China intends to copy many of Great Britain's institutions. Eagerly we await the Chinese JOHN BULL.

"The Captain of the School," is the name of the new Gaiety piece. Of course, the captain is looking for a mate.

The secretary of the Help One Another Society, Old Ford, has vanished, and the funds are nearly £1,000 short. It looks as if "Help Yourself Society" would be a better name.

"Divorce is developing into a habit," says the *Gentlewoman*. It must be one of those expensive ones we hear about.

The fact that 300 damaged police truncheons have to be replaced is a striking testimony to the seriousness of the Welsh riots.

The total number of known stars amounts to about 4,000,000,000, a lecturer tells us. Easy, isn't it?

"All Change Here," is the name of the Alhambra revue. Something new, evidently.

A woman who got a separation order for cruelty at Bury St. Edmunds had been married less than a month. Not much honey in her "moon."

"The ownership of something handed down is in the nature of a poetical trust," says Mr. Dion Calthrop. But the peers are usually prosy.

"Lunatic Newspapers," reads a headline. Yes, it's our circulation some of them are mad about.

If the Kerak Bedouins, who are murdering Government officials as a protest against a census, are not careful, their days will be numbered also.

The "Turkey Trot"—the newest American dance—is, we presume, a near relation to the goose-step.

According to "Who's Who," W. T. Stead's favourite recreation is "playing with children." Very suitable.

"Election Suit," reads a heading. We recommend a diving dress.

Heading: "Charwoman as Actress." Just the individual for the boards.

It seems to be a question of Patrick Ford or Blatch-Ford.

The Suffragettes were not satisfied with knocking Mr. Birrell's hat off, so they twisted his knee-cap.

Mr. Redmond doesn't consider the Election non-cents.

Mr John Burns: "What we have to do is to scotch the Lords." We thought it was a question of Irish.

"Married Life consists mostly of breakers," says Mabel Barnes-Grundy. Hence the moaning of the tied, we pressume.

Usury won a race recently. We understand there was no lack of interest.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS BOXES:—
To Mr. Asquith.—The Order of St. Patrick.
To Mr. Redmond.—A case of Irish.
To King Manoel.—Change for a crown.
To Mr. Lloyd George.—Some lime juice.
To Keir Hardie.—A royal reception.
To Mr. Balfour.—A game of patience.
To the House of Lords.—A spring cleaning.
To Mr. Hemmerde.—A re-seat.
To Tom Wing.—A feather to fly away with.
To Thomas Beecham.—A song, "O, listen to the Banned."
To the Censor.—A copy of the "Excise" Duties.
To the South African Cricketers.—Some hard "Tests."
To John Burns.—A baron offer.
To Sir John Benn.—A set of studs.
To Jim Crow.—A box on the ear.
To Mr. Churchill.—A whippet.
To Mr. Bottomley.—A new whip.

## JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*WHEN readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

*CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter thereto referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "*biscuit*" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

*AUTHORS and* ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

*The* EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

W. L. W. (Stockton-on-Tees).—Level-headed men of business would never catch the Party fever.

A BRISTOL NEWSAGENT.—Please write our Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, when he will answer your enquiries.

"DOUBTFUL" (Belfast).—We think your nom-de-plume well describes the *Home for Destitute Children (Twickenham Park)*, Hon. Secretary, T. H. Elliott. This local concern is touting for subscriptions all over the kingdom at places of entertainment, but declines to supply the Press with information regarding its finances.

THE PUBLISHER of *The Coloniser* says he, too, would be glad to know "who opens the letters" at his office, as other correspondents besides "A Bull Pup" (Liverpool) have complained that they have not received copies of the paper. Money Orders have also been missing, and although complaint was made to the Post Office several months ago, he says he appears to be no nearer finding the culprit.

J. A. P. (Shepherd's Bush).—We do not think your complaint about the Drury Lane box-office people quite justified. When you sent on the postal order for seats for the first night of the pantomime, they clearly stated that the matter should have attention directly the allotting of the seats began, and upon finding that old clients had applied for their usual places they promptly returned the money. We would, therefore, suggest that you should book for as early a night as possible.

"UNIONIST" (Cardiff).—If you refer to our issue of December 3rd, you will see that the report about Mr. Lloyd George's Sunday golf-playing was corrected, and that we expressed ourselves as being satisfied that, so long as he represents a Welsh constituency, he would prefer to remain miserable on the Sabbath.

G. B. (Dublin) complains that a friend of his has, at the age of 28, "risen as high as any ranker is permitted to do in the Navy," and is now contemplating "transferring his services to some other power, where a man's abilities may be appreciated." Oh, for a Business Navy!

A CORRESPONDENT at Leyton says he caught his 14-year-old boy sending two years' savings for a cure for blushing. He must be very anxious about his appearance, but a thrifty father may well blush for him.

L. C. (Forest Gate).—We really must allow even a parson to decide what songs shall be sung at his own entertainments, but we do not think he was justified in associating vice with music halls any more than with church services.

M. L. B. (Sutterton) asks how polygamy can be morally wrong now if it was right in the days of the patriarchs. There is not the same necessity for large families nowadays.

A. S. (Bradford) paid somebody a shilling for a tip for a competition and won £2 18s. Now he is asked for a commission of 9s. Of course, he need not pay if he never promised to do so. But he might stand Crow a pot.

W. S. T. (Purley) enquires if it is legally possible for a newsboy to ask a penny for a halfpenny paper. Yes, he may ask a sovereign if he likes.

E. B. S. (Havre).—You must not always take us so seriously.

G. F. (Deal) would rather go without his dinner on Thursday than miss JOHN BULL. Now he is going to order two copies every week.

G. F. (Ventnor) writes to complain about the irregularity of the supply of some local paper. Why not go and give the publisher two black eyes?

A. R. W. (Bristol) says that "German soldiers never tire of boasting of the number of girls they have betrayed." Evidently the result of a sausage diet.

"MARTYR" (Harrow).—We doubt whether it would be possible to prevent the chairman or a member of the Anti-Gambling League from giving a judicial decision in a betting case. On the one hand, a prejudiced person ought to be ruled out. On the other hand, prejudiced people usually welcome every opportunity of enforcing their prejudices.

A. J. (North Shields).—We cannot say offhand how much money English people have lent to foreign nations, but why do you imagine that they receive no interest?

F. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) says he recently left his bag containing six or seven copies of JOHN BULL in a railway carriage. He ultimately recovered the bag—minus the JOHN BULLS. Having regard to the great temptation we must take a lenient view of the case!

F. W. (City Road) writes about municipal bullies. We agree that relief need not be accompanied by insult.

(*Continued on page* 1030)

# BUCHANAN'S
## Scotch Whisky

## "BLACK & WHITE."

# BRACKNELL'S

**The Xmas Fare**

will be all the better for a dash of Bracknell's Club Sauce—especially the Turkey.

Per Doz. Bottle. **6d.** Of all Grocers.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send one penny stamp and name of your grocer, and a sample bottle will be sent free by G. & S. BRACKNELL (Dept. 2), Brandon Road, King's Cross, London.

**A Tobacco Discovery**

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## Smoking Mixture

Nyasa is unlike all other tobacco—it possesses an individuality of its own. It is unique in the fact that, to British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths, yet sold at a moderate price. Gives a cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it to-day, you will be delighted.

Price **5d.** per oz., or in Cartridges—packets of 14, **5½d.**

**NYASA Cigarettes**

**3d. per packet of 10**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining NYASA Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes, send a post-card to the manufacturers for addresses of the nearest tobacconists who sell it. Made solely by

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**Dr. J. Beattie Crozier's New Book.**

# THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF INVESTMENT.

**A Sequel to the Wheel of Wealth.**

[redacted] says:—

"Dr. Crozier approaches his subject from the point of view of 'The New Economy.' He supports and expounds Mr. Lowenfeld's well-known scheme of Geographical Distribution of Capital."

*Demy 8vo.* *Of all Booksellers.* *3/6 net.*

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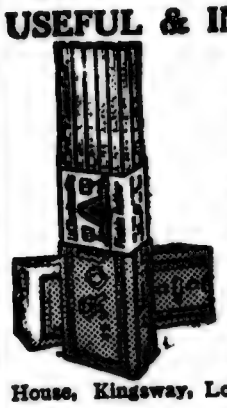

A box of a dozen of the world-famous "Koh-i-noor" Pencils, costing 3/6, would be a most acceptable present for anyone who regularly uses pencils.

**"Koh-i-noor" Pocket Propelling Pencils**

also make splendid Gifts. They are made in a variety of novel and charming styles. Prices from 9d. each. Ask your stationer to show you models.

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# ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.

**Instant Relief.**

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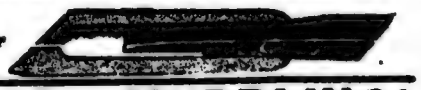
Best Vulcanite Mouthpieces, scientifically constructed to minimise the pressure upon the teeth.

*This unique design, made in all the favourite patterns, ensures a thoroughly cool and comfortable smoke.*

The general excellence of this pipe will delight even the most discriminating smoker.

Price **2/6** each. (*Hall-marked silver mounts.*)



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# MORE MEDICAL MUDDLING!

**Read "A Sequel to Secret Remedies,"**

by FREDERICK PHILLIPS.

*Science Siftings*, says: "The Author shows that many of the allegations made by the medical critics are without foundation."

**Post free, 7d** (P.O. 6d., and 1d. postage.)

**Copies from the Author, South View Rd., Southampton.**

SPECIAL OFFER to "John Bull" Readers for one week only (up to Dec. 30), send this advt. and 4 penny stamps.

F. W. K. (Holland Park) wrote to *The Imperial Art Supply Co.*, and presently received a circular from the *Lawrence Irwin Co.*, so he concludes that they are identical.

R. M. R. (Birmingham) says he prefers to be a Dutchman than an "unmanly, foolish creature" like an Englishman. He regrets that when Jim Crow was smacked over the head in Amsterdam the assailant did not strike harder. He adds: "Although living in England, I won't allow nobody to run Holland down," but how does he mean to stop Jim?

S. B. (Melton) sent 11s. 6d. to *The Paris Model Company* (150, *Oxford Street*), and then had further letters returned marked "gone away."

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN" (Amsterdam) asks whether it is kind of Jim Crow to run down such nice, homely people as the Dutch. No one ever accused Crow of kindness, but he says he is sorry to hear that his article caused our correspondent's friends to be deprived of a sight of the number in which his article appeared. Conceited ass!

"A SUFFERER" (Bristol).—We always hesitate to believe in "new cures" for consumption and similar diseases. There have been so many of them.

E. A. G. (Blackpool) sent money to *Alexander Wolfe and Co., Hamburg*, for a Hungarian lottery ticket, which he cannot obtain.

C. S. (Croydon) draws our attention to *Prince's Trading Company, of Stockport*, which asks for 5s. for the privilege of appointing him one of its "manufacturing agents."

"ANXIOUS ENQUIRER" (Beaminster) grumbles about a 16s. map of Dorset being palmed off on him by someone representing himself to be the agent of *Bacon and Co.* (196, *Deanery Street Manchester*), who followed up the incident with a lawyer's letter which included a demand for costs.

A. V. B. (Bromley).—By all means send us a letter on the iniquity of music-hall contracts. Of course, "things" are remedied after any exposure in these pages.

"HOWARD" (Little London) complains of a tipster called *Greig* (29, *Orange Street, Leicester Square*), who announces successes to which he has no claim.

W. T. (St. Anne's) wants to know whether Crippen would have been free if his appeal had succeeded. Yes, *if*.

W. A. (Birmingham) asks if there are any restrictions as to the age, height, etc., of sanitary inspectors. Only about their noses.

W. T. (Bowness) complains of *H. Diamond, of Middelburg*, in respect of football bets.

J. L. (Dalston) wants us to tell him where to apply for a job as a ship's steward. We could tell him of many places where not to apply. Such jobs are practically never given to people unknown to the ship-owners, though he might, on the off-chance, write to the Superintendent Stewards of the various lines at the ports of embarkation.

W. J. P. (Hull) says that mushrooms are not the property of land-owners who cannot prove that they have planted the spawn. He asserts they can only prosecute for trespass. This is rather strange, when we remember how largely land-owners are favoured by the land laws.

W. B. (Preston) thinks he is a poet, and sends us the following specimen of his powers:—

This world is full of ups and downs,
From the cradle to the grave;
My parting word is watch your guard,
If your soul you want to save.

He is very much upset because he received no acknowledgment of a copy sent to "the late Queen Alexandra," but surely royal personages have something else to do besides acknowledging verses, however loyal and beautiful.

R. S. complains of *Archer and Bacon*, commission agents, *Middelburg, Holland*. We certainly do not understand why they refuse to return his stake if his commission was posted too late.

P. P. (Baker Street) complains that he could not have a ½ bottle of Burgundy at a restaurant. How these temperance reformers do encourage bibulous habits, to be sure!

"SCRUTATOR" argues that, as the gods make those people mad whom they wish to destroy, and as those whom the gods love die young, gods display their affection by driving people mad. This only shows how tiresome logic can be.

G. H. D. (Birmingham) says American girls are stared at in London because they are so neat and well dressed. So now everybody may be satisfied.

W. E. C. T. (Peckham).—News travels slowly, and we had not heard about Keir Hardie's refusal of the throne of Portugal. As a matter of fact, we thought it was being kept in reserve for Lloyd George.

F. P. (Portsmouth) says that every time he takes out a patent he receives a postcard from *The Railway Supplies Journal* (26a, *Tudor Street*), though many of his patents can be of no possible interest to any railway man.

"AN ADMIRER" (Belfast) asks if Mrs. Bull's maiden name was Cow. We have no idea what-heifer.

A. L. (Edinburgh).—We suppose that a Queen Consort takes precedence of a Queen Dowager. Are you thinking of asking them both to lunch?

"MUSICIAN" (Clapton).—The only time we have ever doled out money to musicians has been to persuade them to go away and play in somebody else's yard.

H. B. (Leeds) wants us to attack "a custom of a thousand years' usage which has probably caused more deaths than all other diseases combined, kissing to wit." But Jim Crow has already dealt with this horrid subject. As for contagion, surely it may be avoided if the salutation be restricted to the back of the ears.

"A CONSTANT READER" sends us a bundle of catch-penny circulars from the Wrinkles Publishing Company, Leeds.

H. G. J. (West Kensington Park) thinks it odd that street noises should be strictly prohibited in his neighbourhood, but not the chiming of church bells. Someone evidently makes a distinction between noise and music.

T. H. W. (Beckenham) wants to know if our next paper will be called *The Calf*. We hope this does not mean that he intends to refer to our better half as *The Cow*.

G. R. (Stanmore) asks "whether a woman is allowed to have seven lodgers, herself, and two daughters in four rooms without registering as a lodging-house or boarding establishment." Why not?

E. C. W. (Croydon).—Why do you assume that Old Age Pensioners have "sponged on struggling tradesmen all their lives"? We have always found tradesmen difficult to sponge upon.

A. E. S. (Streatham).—It was abominable of the motorists to run over your dog and drive away. We wish we could catch them and flay them alive.

W. A. SENIOR (Bergen Co., U.S.A.) does not think much of the British Army, and informs us that "the German Emperor is a fool that he does not sail in and wipe such damned imbecile, scrofulous and —— —— off the face of the earth." Perhaps the Yankees will kindly give him a lead.

W. D. (Pretoria).—We never heard your suggestion that miracles at Lourdes were due to the medicinal waters. Surely faith-healing is accepted by Agnostics as well as by Christians.

T. M. H. (Westcliff-apud-Maro).—We may be polyglots, but we are not going to be bothered to carry on a correspondence in Esperanto.

"ARBUCKLE."—We never suggested that all Scots were lacking in humour, but your pun on our Editor's name was already a chestnut in the Garden of Eden.

M. B. (Gospel Oak), hearing that the late King of Siam had eighty wives, wants to know if the present King had eighty mammas. This is a new theory of physiology.

C. V. (Ross) writes:—"Why square up when having a round?" We never do.

"A SERVANT" (Bedford) writes:—"Surely a servant is a necessity. Why is a servant trusted and yet despised? Surely there is no fault to find with a living obtained honestly, no matter how humble. Will you kindly tell me how a man becomes a better citizen by paying rent for a room instead of sleeping in a gentleman's house?" We did not know that servants were despised, and we see no reason why they should be excluded from the franchise.

F. T. (East Finchley) sends us an advertisement:—"Wanted, comfortable home, near Gunnersbury, or young man." We suppose that the owner of a home may be of any age to satisfy this advertiser.

"READER" (London, S[illegible]) forwards us particulars of the case of a married teacher who has for the past eight years annually presented her husband with a token of affection. On each of these occasions she has been allowed (according to regulations) 17 weeks absence on half pay. These interesting events always happened in the summer time! Lucky husband.

A. E. L. (Leeds) relates an experience at New Brighton. He saw a notice announcing "hot dinners now ready," went in and waited for half-an-hour, and was then informed that the cook had gone out. This must have been disappointing, but scarcely warrants the hysterics to which he confesses.

*(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)*


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of economising in dress is to give that care and attention to your clothes which will make them look good twice as long.

The Achille Serre Service, which dry cleans your suit in 4 days for a charge of 3/9, gives you the means of effecting that economy.

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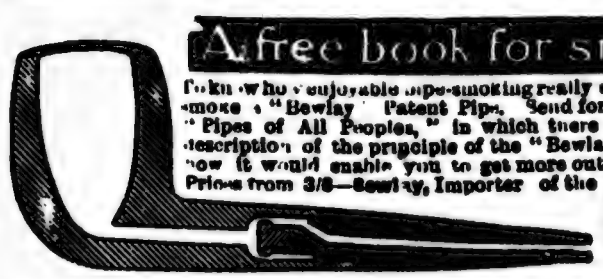

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Tells you what enjoyable pipe-smoking really can be you should smoke a "Bewlay" Patent Pipe. Send for our free booklet, "Pipes of All Peoples," in which there is an interesting description of the principle of the "Bewlay" Patent. Read how it would enable you to get more out of your tobacco. Prices from 3/6—Bewlay, Importer of the Flor de Dindigul Cigar, 49, Strand, London, W.C.

*(Est. 150 Years.)*

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"PLASMON NOURISHES THE FOOD MAKE SUPERFLUOUS" Lancet

PLASMON COCOA

10 Times more nutritious than ordinary Cocoa

DELICIOUS — DIGESTIBLE

In Tins 8d. 1/- & 2/6

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Cigarettes made by the million for the million are all very well, but for those who desire a higher grade manufacture

MACKENZIE'S Extra Special

Straight Cut Virginia

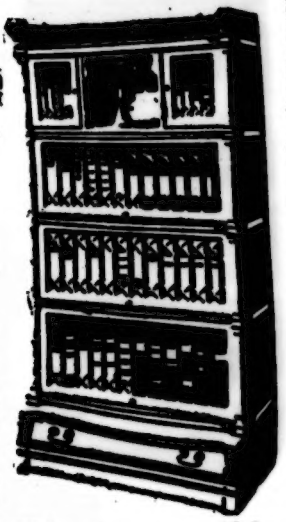
are a revelation in flavour and fragrance, at a modest price.

10 for 4½d. 20 for 9d.

You cannot get a finer cigarette at any price.

MACKENZIE & Co., Manufacturers, Glasgow.

Globe-Wernicke 'ELASTIC' BOOKCASES Make Splendid XMAS GIFTS.



*This shows a Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcase made up of four "Book Units" and one Top and one Base Unit.*

A few sections of the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase would make an ideal gift for any book-lover. You see this Bookcase is built up of "units," and can be made any size desired. The size can also be altered at any time by adding to or taking from the "units" already there. Even at its smallest—one "Book" unit and one Top and one Base unit—it looks and *is* a complete and handsome Bookcase. The cost, of course, depends on how many "units" you buy.

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Joseph Gillott's "Welcome" Pen.

FOR FAST WRITING, use a pen which will assist, and not impede, your rapid action. Such a pen is Joseph Gillott's "Welcome"—a new metal pen with point cut slightly aslant. It has been specially modelled for fast writing, and you will appreciate the extra speed it gives.

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SAMPLE BOX of highest quality assorted Pens sent post free on receipt of 6d.

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Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The Famous NATURAL Aperient Water

JUNON HAIR STAIN. JUNON BATH MUSTARD. JUNON HAIR TONIC.

JUNON Hair Tonic

JUNON

*Perfumed* Hair Tonic.

Grateful, comforting, refreshing and invigorating—restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling, nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff, positively makes the hair grow, is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair. When ordering, state the condition of your hair as exactly as possible; also say whether you would prefer the tonic without perfume.

JUNON Hair Tonic should be used in conjunction with the JUNON Hair Stains; as, while it will quickly restore strength and vigour to the hair, it will not injure the effect of the stains in any way.

1/-, 2/6 & 4/9 a bottle.

JUNON

*Permanent* Hair Stain.

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the Skin.

*In Eight Standard Shades.*

Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden.

If you wish to restore your grey or faded hairs to their natural colour, send us a clipping of your hair where it is not yet grey or faded—and we will match the stain exactly to it.

*Full Directions with every Bottle. Securely Packed in Plain Package.*

1/-, 2/9 & 5/6 a bottle.

JUNON

*Aromatic* Bath Mustard.

Add it to your bath! Combines the medicinal and tonic properties of the time-honoured "mustard-bath" with water-softening and perfuming properties. Prevents chill after exposure—removes all signs of perspiration after exercise—alleviates rheumatic and muscular troubles—softens the hardest water and imparts a delicate aroma to the skin. Use it after golf, motoring, etc. You don't know how really refreshing and invigorating a bath can be, until you have tried a JUNON Bath-Mustard bath—it makes you feel FINE, even after the most exhausting day, and gives to the body that soothed, comfortable feeling that makes a good night's rest a certainty. Invaluable in all cases of Insomnia.

1/6, 2/6 & 3/6 a box.

JUNON Bath Mustard

*Obtainable of all Chemists, Stores and Dealers: or direct from the Manufacturers.*

JUNON, LIMITED, 57, MARSHAM STREET, LONDON, S.W. I. F. & Co.

JUNON HAIR STAIN. JUNON BATH MUSTARD. JUNON HAIR TONIC.

## RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

**Overlooked.**

A very great "to-do" is being made over the new numbered saddle cloths, on the score of the possibility of infection, although there can only be a minimum of risk. But not a word has *ever* been uttered in regard to the *weight* cloths which are used in all races, not only at one meeting, but all the season round, year after year, without ever being washed at all. One has heard of very rare individual cases in which some slight skin disease is supposed to have been caught in this manner through the use of borrowed cloths, for it is the jockeys who own them; and their valets, who have charge of the saddles and trappings, naturally utilise whatever is necessary according to the weight needed for the horse the jockey rides. The real trouble in regard to an infectious disease is with the *horses* themselves, and there is no ground, beyond fanaticism, for the fuss made in regard to the latest and most sensible addition to the N.H. rules.

**The Master of the Southdown.**

Mr. V. P. Misa, who rides very seldom, must have a wonderful average, especially as regards the price of the winners he bestrides—being a veritable *bête noir* to Mr. George Thursby on hot favourites.

**The Human Instinct.**

It is an absolute, but very natural fact, that while a professional looks upon a racehorse as the means of *winning* a race, and makes that his *sole* aim, amateurs—particularly those riding their own horses—are very much more considerate for their mounts, the whole thing being a hobby with them, so that they have an eye for another day. The paid jockey naturally and rightly wants to win there and then—irrespective of what becomes of the horse in consequence.

**Medley.**

There are no end of meetings—Newbury in particular—at which the horses which look like winning best part of the day never do so finally.

How often does one come out of a ring or racecourse enclosure quickly or in conversation with others and forget to take a pass out check. It is for this reason that the necessity of taking and giving in and out tickets should be done away with.

Notice how extraordinarily sheep-like are bookmakers' offers to lay horses that they know are absolutely out of the race, as, for instance, when left at the post, or, having fallen.

An "even money" chance, when not possessing a 1,000 to 1 prospect, will probably be "shouted" at the "generous" price of 6 to 4, followed by another man at 7 to 4, and an even greater philanthropist at 2 to 1.

At times when horses fall in steeplechases, the onlookers—especially those who have backed them—blame the jockey, but it is very often indeed the case that, but for his horsemanship, the animal would have been "on the floor" at every fence already crossed.

Probably the modern style of race riding is responsible for most of the falls which occur across country, for it is pointed out that the Beasleys, and other crack horsemen 10 or 20 years ago, practically never fell, even in the National.

Bookmakers take much more notice of *who* it is that bets rather than *how much* they wager.

It is exasperating to go to a lot of trouble in working out the form of a horse—and then to find that it doesn't run.

The crack jumper in India is Mayfowl, who cost £500 over here, but has won £1,000 in stakes already this season.

Glengarnock claims the dam of a very appropriate name for a jumper—Tirnova.

Notice the vast number of people who buy papers in the street, and it is a 100 to 1 *on* their opening it at once to glance at the racing results!

**Prophetic.**

There is only the second day at Cheltenham and the holiday programme to now deal with. If Maggie May runs for the Malvern Selling Plate to-day (Thursday), it is a literal certainty for her, as the filly was unlucky not to beat Burberry at Nottingham. Similarly would St. Justinian and Prince Abercorn win their respective races, whilst at Kempton, Pot would beat the three-year-olds in the Chiswick Plate. But the good thing on the Boxing Day is

Briery,

in the Hurdle Handicap. Shady Girl should win the Hampton Steeplechase if the ground is sounder, whilst Donnington, on the Sandown form, is the pick of the Sunbury Plate.


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| 6 | " " ... | 19 to 1 | 5 " " ... | 109 to 1 | | |
| 7 | " " ... | 33 to 1 | 6 " " ... | 218 to 1 | | |
| 8 | " " ... | 74 to 1 | | | | |
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The following claims have been received for the issue of November 12th—

W. DRAPER, 40, Gibson Street, New Town, Wrexham, Nth. Wales. No. 73,039.—12th November.

H. ROGERS, Suffolk House, Wickham Market, Suffolk. No. 87,981.—12th November.

F. HOARE, 49, Market Street, Poole, Dorset. No. 526,807.—12th November.

A. SAUNDERS, 156, Rommany Road, West Norwood, S.E. No. 228,649.—12th November.

MRS. E. L. GILBERT, 93, Beaumont Road, Plymouth. No. 543,921.—12th November.

H. J. KITTS, 25, Swinnerton Street, Homerton. No. 253,023.—12th November.

ANNIE HEALY, The Elders, Bramley, Leeds. No. 133,314.—12th November.

The following are the fifty numbers of our issue of November 26th:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 31127 | 90245 | 181074 | 332808 | 491097 |
| 32284 | 90797 | 183383 | 333004 | 510718 |
| 32938 | 96440 | 186703 | 344411 | 528347 |
| 43497 | 101870 | 189587 | 377996 | 543433 |
| 48579 | 113136 | 200968 | 387148 | 581770 |
| 51972 | 133343 | 211214 | 406192 | 624223 |
| 68648 | 146920 | 223249 | 420572 | 630798 |
| 74413 | 148802 | 228723 | 446796 | 648869 |
| 77459 | 169821 | 248095 | 480695 | 658763 |
| 83710 | 178047 | 261243 | 486248 | 686652 |

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 21ST (PUBLISHED JANUARY 19TH).

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## TRY IT FOR 30 DAYS FREE.

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No longer will you look upon that five to ten minutes before breakfast with your razor as one of the most unpleasant times of the day. With the "Mulcuto" you can shave yourself in three minutes, and as smoothly as you would be by the most skilled barber in England.

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*"Please send me one of your 'Mulcuto' razors complete, as purchased from you about two years ago, also one separate blade. I want the blade for a razor for myself, and the razor a present for a friend. I have a hard beard, but the same blade is still going strong."*—F. WOODHEAR.

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*"I have used the 'Mulcuto' Safety Razor for ten months and am delighted with the ease and comfort of my daily shave. My son has also used one eight months, and he is equally pleased, so that we can congratulate ourselves on finding such an economical and pleasing means of shaving, and we do not fail to recommend it to our friends."*

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*As soft as the touch of a woman's hand."*

This splendid razor you can try for thirty days free of charge

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A complete "Mulcuto" Shaving Outfit, including the "Mulcuto" razor with everlasting blade, for the small sum of 2s. 6d. (or "silver" model for 3s. 6d.).

Take advantage of this opportunity to-day, before it is withdrawn.

Write now to the "Mulcuto" Manufacturing Co. (Dept. B), 31–33, High Holborn, London, W.C., enclosing a deposit of 2s. 6d.—or 3s. 6d. if you desire the silver-plated model—and the complete "Mulcuto" Razor and Shaving Outfit will be posted to you carriage paid.

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**2/6**

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Name .....

Address .....

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